THE TIMES.

VOL. III.—NO 34. MOOSE JAW N. W. T., FRIDAY DECEMBER 25, 1891. Price 5 cents

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COAL.

SKATES !

Moose Jaw has a very generous school board. At their meeting last night they gave Mr. Laycock the newly appointed teacher, $50 more salary than he asked for in his applica ion. The salary even yet, $550 is too small for a mrn with a wife and three children to live on in the Northwest. We fail to see the wisdom of their action in inducing a man with a family to come 2000 miles to accept a situation at that salary, when it appears to be the policy of the board to change teachers every year. The public would also like to be enlightened as to the reasons for Mr. Lang's dismissal. There must be reasons, and the ratepayers and parents should know what they are. Mr. Laycock may for aught we know, be as good a teacher as Mr. Lang, but under the circumstances, Mr. Baker's motion was the sensible view of the situation.

THE HERD ORDINANCE

Notice has been given in the Legislative Assembly, of a motion to amend the Herd Ordinance. The law on this matter sadly needs changing and when it comes up for discussion in Committee we hope to see such changes made as shall meet the needs and wishes of the settlers in the country. The time in which the Herd Ordinance shall be in force should be extended over the whole year. At the present season of the year farmers having stacks of grain scattered through their fields waiting for the thresher are put to great trouble and annoyance by their neighbors' stray cattle. The only redress at present is a civil suit for damages which is tedious and expensive. The question demands the careful attention of the Assembly.

LET'S TALK ABOUT THE WEATHER !

Could anything be finer or more pleasant than the weather in the Canadian North West, since the first of December. While our friends in Manitoba and the Western States have been buried feet deep in snowbanks, and have had much ado to keep them selves from freezing to death, we have been enjoying delightfully warm bright weather. As yet there is very little snow throughout this district. The farmers are hauling in their grain on wagons; the horses and cattle are grazing out on the open plains, as in summer, and during the day time the air feels much as it does in the early autumn. There is a dryness and a sparkle in our North West air at this season of the year which is invigorating to both old and young, quickening the circulation and making life tingle to the tips of the extremities. We believe this is the best climate under the sun for the development of a hardy, vigorous northern race, a race similar in physique to those hardy races of the north, which in the fifth century swept down on the enervated, voluptuous races of Southern Europe, sweeping away the vices and oppression of a corrupt civilization. To return: The days are very short—about eight hours of sunlight at this season, but the nights are so clear and the stars so bright that they are almost as clear as day. To add to the lustre of the starry firmament the northern lights, flash like beacons from the northern regions of ice and snow. During December and January the Aurora Borealis are very bright and sometimes extend over more than half the heavens. The forked tongues of light shoot across the clear sky forming a picture indescribably grand and sublime.

The more truth is told about our North West climate, the more the country will be appreciated by the outside world.

LOCAL WHEAT SITUATION.

The railway situation continued the one feature of absorbing interest in grain circles during the week. The Canadian Pacific announced that they would again open North Bay as an order point, but only for cars of grain destined for eastern Canada points. Dealers were required to make an agreement to this effect, that cars billed on orders to North Bay, would not be for export. This of course only covers a very small shipment, as Manitoba shippers are not doing much business in eastern Canada this year. Correspondence was passing between the Winnipeg Grain exchange and local grain men on the one hand and the West Shore railway on the other, regarding the shipment of Manitoba grain through to New York. The West Shore people stated that as soon as the blockade at their terminal at New York was cleared away, (which they hoped would be in a very few days) they would again be prepared to handle Manitoba wheat, but they would only accept two grades This was considered at a meeting of the Winnipeg exchange, and the grades of No. 1 and No. 2 regular were selected as the qualities for shipment via New York. Later, through further communication with the exchange the West Shore people agreed to accept three grades, and it is expected that No. 3 regular will be named by the exchange, at a meeting called for Dec. 21, as the third grade to go to New York. These three grades cover the bulk of the stuff which goes for export, as the qualities above No. 1 regular are, being taken largely by local millers, and may not so taken will go into store at Fort William. The inferior qualities of wheat classified as Nos. 1, 2 and 3 regular, are the grades most desirable to get out of the country during the winter, Higher grades, if not all wanted for domestic milling, can very well be held in store until spring. There remains of course rejected and no grgde stuff to dispose of. Some of this is going to Eastern Canada, and other portions of these qualities may be made up in round lots for export. The route to Boston is still open for Manitoba shippers who wish to undertake direct export business. The West Shore will not accept wheat billed through for direct export, but only billed to New York, the reason no doubt being that there might be delay in securing ocean space for direct export stuff. Cars of grain, as they are shipped daily from the various country points will be inspected at Winnipeg, and the three grades agreed to be handled by the West Shore, will go right on to New York. Cars Inspecting other grades will go on to Fort William, where they will be unloaded into store, unless in the meantima they are ordered elsewhere by the shipper. In straight export shipment lots. no doubt the West Shore will receive consignments of any grade, after they get over the rush. In fact it is said they have been receiving consignments from some shippers right along, and their action in announcing their refusal to receive further consignments of Canadian grain, is said to have been taken to prevent the promiscous shipments of stragling lots, for the disposal at New York of which no proper arrangements had been made by the shipper. Deliveries of wheat in Manitoba country markets have been in fair quantity, though light at some points. In the west there is little or no snow, and deliveries are better. In the east and south, where the snow fell heavily during the storm of two weeks ago, there has been difficulty in continuing threshing, owing to the snow being driven into the stacks This shows up in the wheat in the form of particles of ice, and buyers will not handle it, as it would go damp in soft weather. On this account considerable wheat will have to remain in stack till this is thawed and dried out. Another week of very fine and mild weather has been experienced, thawing some through the days, but not sufficient to dry out the stacks. If it had not been for this beating snow, the last two weeks would have been splendid threshing weather Prices continue about the same. For hard wheat, millers are paying higher prices at some points than export buyers can touch. At a few points 70c per bushel and over is paid to farmers for good hard wheat, but at most points the range for No. 2 hard or better, is from 62 to 70c; No. 3 hard from 55 to 60c; No. 1 northern, 65c; No. 2 northern, 61 to 62c; No. 1 regular 50c; No. 2 regular 40 to 45c; No. 3 regular 35. These prices vary somewhat at different points. Stocks in store at Fort William on Dec. 10 were 579,129 bushels, an increase of 68,202 bushels for the week.—The Commercial.

ASSEMBLY PROCEEDINGS.

What Our Legislators Are Doing at The Capital.

Friday, Dec. 11.

Mr. Speaker took his seat at 2.30, and the minutes were read and adopted.

FOR INCORPORATION.

Mr. Cayley presented a petition for incorporation from the Synod of the Diocese of Saskatchewan and Calgary, which was received and referred.

THE COMMITTEES.

Mr. Cayley also presented the report of the special committee appointed yesterday, with the list of members as follows:—

Civil Justice: Messrs. Jelly, Reaman, Neff, Page, Wilkins, Meyers, Campbell, Dill and Nolin.

Education: Messrs. Tweed, Oliver, Betts, Dill, Page, Mowat and Prince.

Public Accounts and Printing: Messrs. Brett, Clinkskill, Lineham, Oliver, Neff, Betts, Sutherland, Tweed, Davidson and McKay.

Standing Orders and Library. Messrs. Speaker, Haultain, Sutherland, Knowling, Meyers, Jelly, Campbell and Cayley.

Immigration: Messrs. Lineham, Mitchell, Brett, Wilkins, McKay, Mowat, McGrath and Knowling.

A GRIST OF NOTICES.

The following notices of motion were given for Monday:—

1. Mr. Jelly—To ask leave to introduce a Bill to amend and consolidate as amended "The Herd Ordinance."

2. Mr. Jelly—To ask leave to introduce an Ordinance to amend "The Statute Labour and Fire Ordinance."

3. Mr. Mowat—To ask leave to introduce a Bill to amend "The School Ordinance."

4. Mr. Reaman—To ask leave to introduce a bill to amend and consolidate "The Fence Ordinance."

5. Mr. Dill—To move the following resolution: That this Assembly request His Honour the Lieut. Governor to pay the grants for teachers' salaries for the quarters ending 30th September and 31st December, 1891, on the basis of the present Ordinance.

6. Mr. Prince—To ask leave to introduce a Bill respecting "Deputy Clerks and Deputy Sheriffs."

7. Mr. Davidson—To move that the following be appointed a Special Committee on Municipal Law: Messrs. Neff, Mowat, Cayley, Dill, Betts, Clinkskill and Davidson.

8. Mr. Cayley—To move that the following be a committee to prepare and bring in a Bill respecting the sale of intoxicating liquors and the issue of licenses therefor, viz.: Messrs. Clinkskill, Neff, Tweed, Haultain and Cayley.

THE FIRST DISCUSSION.

On the adjournment being moved, Dr. Brett rose and said he wished to make a word of explanation with regard to the position of the old Advisory Council. This had become necessary on account of a misapprehension which appeared to exist in the minds of some persons. The facts were that the members of the old Advisory Council were simply members of the Assembly, and when the Assembly ceased to exist on June 30th last the Advisory Council also ceased to exist. He had hoped that a full caucus of the members might be called to discuss the position they occupied under the new Act. In the past serious difficulties had arisen, and in the present Act he could see the elements of difficulty. For his part he was desirous of doing everything possible to make matters run smoothly. As the Act stood, an Advisory Council still existed, although this was not the intention of the Government As the Act stood, it left it open for trouble If His Honor chose to exercise his prerogative he could select an Advisory Council the same as under the old Act. It would be a good thing to have a definite understanding between the Assembly and His Honour and so save all needless brawl.

Mr. Oliver asked if the hon. gentleman wished the House to work contrary to the N. W. Act.

Dr. Brett said he did not.

Mr. Oliver said in his opinion it was not the privilege of the Assembly to take any other course than that laid down for them in the Act. If the legislators at Ottawa had through inadvertence left an important clause in the Act which they ought to have repealed, the Assembly must suffer the consequences. He was in favour of discussing the matter in the House, and not in caucus. He thought that the hon. gentleman who had spoken was not one to whom they could look to act harmoniously with the rest of the Assembly. He thought they ought to be very careful in attempting to throw aside the most important clause in the whole Act. He said that any threats that might be made to the House would be strongly resented.

Mr. Betts thought the point raised by the hon gentleman from Red Deer was well taken. The section did exist and was most important and it was their duty to discuss the difficulty. Perhaps the House could select four men as a working committee, or small government, whom His Honor would accept as his advisors. Should His Honor accept them, it would be to his credit and the advantage of the country. He thought four men could be selected who would be perfectly able and willing to advise His Honor.

House adjourned.

SCHEDULE.

Of moneys appropriated for the Northwest Territories, at the Session held in the 54 55 years of Her Majesty's Reign, which the Lieutenant Governor of the Territories is authorized to expend by and with the advice of the Legislative Assembly of the Territories or of an, committee thereof, subject however, to the deduction of such sums as may be charged against any vote or a liability for which may have been incurred on or before the 31st December, 1891.

Travelling expenses of officials etc.		$ 2,000
Probable cost of elections		10,000
Stationary, telegrams etc.		2,000
Subscriptions to newspapers		500
Management of four well boring machines		3,000
Schools	100,000	
Less sums required to cover grants in support of Schools in unrepresented territory	5,000	
		95,000
Roads and bridges		35,000
Printing and advertising, including translation and publishing of Ordinances		7,000
Publication of Magistrates returns etc.		1,500
Books, Northwest Government Library		1,060 58

LEGISLATIVE CHAMBER

Tuesday Dec. 14.

Mr. Speaker took his seat soon after 2:30 o'clock.

POSITION OF THE ADVISORY COUNCIL.

The House stood while Mr. Clerk of the Assembly Gordon, read a letter from His Honor enclosing copies of, amongst other a long and important letter from the Deputy Minister of Justice, giving an opinion as to the difficulty caused by Sec. 13 of the Act of 1887, creating the Advisory Council, not having been repealed. Mr. Sedgewick's report was exceedingly exhaustive in scope, and minute in detail, but the sum and substance of it is contained in a couple paragraphs near the end.

He advances the statement,

In reference to the status of the present Advisory Council, that the personnel of such Council is not necessarily affected by the dissolution of the Assembly or even by the defeat at the polls of any of its members. The members of that Council holds office during pleasure until their successors are appointed.

The letter goes on to say that under ordinary circumstances the duty of the Lieut.-Governor would be to see that the members of his council were, or were likely to be, elected members of the Assembly.

It also states that the act of last session, giving as it does to the Assembly the exclusive power of dealing with the question of Territorial finance, gives to the Assembly by implication, the power of repealing section 13 of the Act of 1887 which created the Advisory Council.

The royal message was concluded in the following words, which were heard with cheers by the members.

"His Honor desires to announce to the Assembly that in view of the opinion expressed by Deputy minister of Justice in the correspondence referred to, it is not His Honour's intention to appoint an advisory council unless such appointment should, in the opinion of the Assembly, become necessary in order to enable it to effectually exercise the powers conferred upon it.

"Should such an opinion be expressed by the Assembly, His Honor will be glad to accede to its wishes in the matter of such appointment,"

"GOVERNMENT HOUSE.
December, 15 1891

ROYAL TEMPLAR PETITION

Mr. Lineham presented a petition from the Royal Templars of Calgary, and Mr. Tweed of Medicine Hat, asking for prohibition.

IMMIGRATION PASSES.

Mr Lineham from the Immigration Committee made an recommendation on the subject of passes granted on the C. P. R., for immigration purposes. Later in the proceedings he moved a resolution, seconded by Mr. McKay, expatiating on the good results which hap sprung from the issue of such passes in previous years and asking the C. P. R. to continue the practice this year; and as the winter months were the most favorable for good immigration work that the C. P. R. be requested to grant the passes at once, Carried.

Mr. Betts introduced a bill to repeal the Poisons Amending Ordinance No. 2 of 1889.

REGINA, Dec. 18.—This afternoon was another short session, only a few minutes having elapsed between the reading of the minutes by Mr. Gordon and the moving of the adjournment by Mr. Betts.

The petition of W. H. Wrigley, presented yesterday by Mr. Cayley, was received on the recommendation of Mr. Haultain, chairman of the standing orders and library committee.

Mr. McGrath moved that a special committee consisting of Messrs. Cayley, Haultain Tweed, Lineham and McGrath be appointed to require into the report upon the advisability of memorialising the Dominion Government on the question of irrigations He said he had selected those gentlemen because they represented district, where irrigation was more or less necessary.

Mr. McKay introduced his bill to amend the medical ordinance, and it was read a first time.

Mr. Jelly dropped his motion.

Mr. Reaman introduced a bill to amend and consolidate the fence ordinances, which received its first reading.

Mr. Mowat dropped his notice concerning a bill to amend the school ordinance, the matter being before the educational committee.

On motion the names of Messrs. Mitchell and McKay were added to the education committee.

The House then adjourned.

TOWN COUNCIL.

A regular meeting of the Town Council was held in Russell Hall on Monday evening Dec. 21st. 1891.

Present, Mayor Rutherford, Councillors Gass, Colpits, Bellamy, Porter and Herrler.

The minutes of last regular and special meetings were read and adopted.

Communications as under were received;—T. E. Birbeck's, resignation as town clerk; W. J. Mitchell and P. Green, re, taxes 1891; Auditor's report for 1890; accounts, Moose Jaw Electric Light & Power company, $31, 25 for street fixtures; F. Statham, $4.25, N. McLeod, $4.25; D. S. McVannel $2.00 for work on sidewalk; H. McDougall $81.79; plank for sidewalk; H. Lang, re salary for special constables,

Gass—Colpits—That the accounts of F. Statham, N. McLeod and D. S. McVannel be paid.—carried.

The letters of P. Green and Mitchell were referred to the collector.

Palmer—Porter—that Councillors Colpitts, Bellamy and Herrler be a committee to interview the Electric Light company re their account.—Carried.

Gass—Palmer—that the clerks resignation be accepted to take effect when successor is appointed.—Carried.

Porter—Palmer, that the account of H. McDougall be paid—Carried.

Colpitts—Gass, that the chief of special police be allowed 50c per hour, F. Statham, 30c and the others 25c per hour for the number of hours of duty performed.—Carried,

Bellamy—Colpitts that J. H. Annable and Joel Bates be accepted as bondsman for Collector Annable.—Carried.

Palmer—Herrler, that the auditor's report be sent back for correction and completion up to december 31 1890, so as to comply with the ordinance, and that it be presented to the council before Jan. 4th 1892.—Carried.

The report of the financial committee the recommending the payment of accounts as follows, was received and adopted;—F. A. Meller, $4.75 for work on engine, W. W. Bole, supplies $1.70, E. A. Baker, $17.50. Council adjourned.

Closing Exercises at the School.

The intermediate department, Mr. Lang's room was the only division, which made an attempt to get up closing exercises on Wednesday afternoon. The pupils of this division prepared a very nice programme and invited the pupils of the High School department to attend. The children taking part, carried out their parts in a highly creditable manner. The programme was as follows:—

PROGRAMME.

Chorus	"Men of Harlech"	
Reading	"Casabianca"	K. Tapley
Song	"The model Church"	L. Battell
Chorus	"Whippoorwill"	By School
Recitation	"Her Letter"	H. McKay
Song	"My Grandmother"	K. Tapley
Chorus	"A Soldier Stood in the Village Street"	By School
Reading	"The Clever Idiot"	J. Findlay
Song		Mr. Lang
Dialogue	"My Wife's mother"	K. Tapley, J. Battell, J. Findlay
Reading	"The Countryman and the Ass"	L. Porter

God Save the Queen

At the conclusion of the programme an address expressing the good wishes of the pupils was presented to Mr. Lang, accompanied by a very hansome "Gentleman's set." The pupils of the Primary department also presented Mr. Lang with a beautiful morocco bound copy of Milton's works. Mr Lang although taken completely by surprise made a suitable reply, thanking the children, not only for their kindly worded address and beautiful presents but for their many kindnesses to him during the past year. To say that Mr. Lang and his pupils part good friends is but feebly to express the kind feelings that exist between them.

THE WEEK'S NEWS

CANADA.

Settlers continue to reach Manitoba from Dakota.

It is believed in Ottawa that Mr. Dalton McCarthy will be made Chief Justice of the Supreme Court.

Civil service examinations will be opened in various centres throughout Canada on November 10.

It is reported that Mrs. Birchall is in Canada for the purpose of securing her husband's body.

Red Fyfe wheat yielded 51 bushels to the acre on the experimental farm at Brandon, Man., this year.

St. Thomas, according to the assessor, has a population of 10,556—about 300 more than the Dominion census takers gave.

Mr. F. D. Boyes, a collector for the G.T. R., in a violent fit of coughing burst a blood vessel in his head and died suddenly in Hamilton last Sunday.

In the House of Commons last week an item of $5,000 was passed for expenses in connection with the proposed new kilted regiment for Toronto.

For the third quarter of the year in Canada there were 355 failures, with liabilities amounting to $2,762,000, as against 383 failures with liabilities of $3,211,000 for the same three months of last year.

A burglar visited Judge Horne's residence in Windsor, Ont., early last Tuesday morning and got nothing, but came very nearly getting something he was not looking for, namely a bullet which the judge fired at him.

Sir Adolphe Caron has introduced a bill into parliament which enacts that when the militia is called out by the civil authorities a deposit shall first be made by them to meet expenses.

A deranged son of David Ritchie, a farmer of Garafraxa, has been missing since the 22nd inst., and search parties have failed to find any trace of him.

The five-year-old son of a Union Point, Man., farmer named Clement was accidentally shot and instantly killed by his thirteen-year-old brother on Saturday.

An attempt was made on Thursday night to wreck the Canadian Pacific express near Prince Albert. Fortunately the obstruction placed on the track was discovered in time to avert a disaster.

Burglars tapped a safe in the Northern Pacific railway office at Brandon, Man., early Saturday morning and got about $100. In a smaller safe alongside the one broken was a package containing $45,000.

It is expected that the picture of Mr. Gladstone painted by Mr. John C. Forbes, R. C. A., of Toronto, will be presented to the National Liberal Club, London, Eng., early in November. The ceremony will be performed by Mr. Wilfred Laurier or Mr. Oliver Mowat.

A facsimile of Aristotle's "Constitution of Athens" has been received at the University of Toronto from the trustees of the British Museum. The papyrus upon which the work was written was used by a farm bailiff on an Egyptian estate, in the first century, for the purpose of a memorandum.

At English Bay, on the western limits of Vancouver, B. C., on Saturday morning Sheriff Armstrong and three assistants went to serve a writ of ejectment on Samuel Greer, who barricaded his house and fired with a shotgun, wounding the sheriff severely and one of his assistants slightly. Greer was afterwards captured.

GREAT BRITAIN.

David Evans will be London's next lord mayor.

A London journal proposes that Europe unite in a rice blockade to bring China to book.

Piccadilly, a London society paper, says Sir William Vernon Harcourt's eyesight is failing him and blindness is now feared.

James Stephens, the ex-Fenian leader has arrived in Dublin with the permission of the Government, to remain there for the rest of his life. He declares himself a supporter of Mr. Parnell.

It is believed that the Liberal leaders in England have consented to adopt the principle of the payment of members of the House of Commons as a recognition of the importance of the labor vote.

Dr. James, ex-chairman of the British Wesleyan conference, died suddenly at Plymouth, England, the other day.

The efforts to secure the release of Mrs. Maybrick will be futile, as her solicitors have been advised by the English Home Office that under no circumstances will the case be reopened.

UNITED STATES.

Ten Virginia negroes have been sentenced to death for the murder of another negro.

Snow fell at Leadville, Colorado, on Thursday night.

The wheat yield of Indiana is estimated at 63,441,449 bushels, the heaviest since 1879.

A land slide half a mile long and 400 feet wide has occurred at Cairo, Ill., the result of the drouth.

The damage by the prairie fires in Emmons county, North Dakota, is estimated at $500,000.

The Public schools in Lafayette, Ind., were closed for two weeks on account of the intense heat.

Reports from 28 counties in different parts of the State of Illinois say that in all but one of them there has been no rain for six weeks

The most careful estimate places the hop crop of Oregon at one-third less than the crop of 1890.

Heavy rains are falling in the Western States, quenching the prairie fires and ending the drought.

Dan Sullivan and Tom Johnson, of Eau Claire, Wis., have been burned to death in a forest fire.

Hundreds of crates of grapes have been seized in New York coated with a poisonous substance used in destroying insects.

The Ohio Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church has voted to admit women to general conferences as lay delegates.

Six persons were killed and twenty injured by the explosion of a bomb at an Italian celebration at Newark, N.J., on Thursday night.

There are 676,160 pensioners on the roll at Washington, and the disbursements on pensions account last year amounted to $118,548,959.71.

The steamer Teutonic has beaten the eastward Atlantic record, crossing from New York to Queenstown in 5 days 21 hours 22 minutes.

The distance between New York and San Francisco has been covered by rail in 4 days 12 hours 28 minutes, the best time on record.

Alex Noble, a Swede, suicided by shooting, and John Hamp, a shoemaker, shot and killed himself last Tuesday morning at Buffalo. Whiskey in both cases.

The earthquake that has just visited the Mississippi valley is ascribed to the terrible heat that prevailed. There is no record in Missouri of so long and severe a drought as this.

Mr. Albert P. Morehouse, ex-Governor of Missouri, suicided at his residence in Marysville the other day by cutting his throat with a common pocket knife.

Forty armed negroes have appeared in St. Francis township, Ark., and driven all the cotton pickers from the field. Serious trouble is feared.

A family consisting of a farmer, his wife and several small children, were hemmed in by forest fires near Turtle lake, Minn., and burned to death.

The neighborhood of Vandalia, Ill., has been without rain for a month, and the situation is alarming. Pastures are burnt up and wells are dry.

In Cheshire county, New Hampshire, water in the rivers, is getting so low that numerous mills are not able to run on full time. Many springs are giving out.

Fires are destroying property in North western Minnesota at the rate of $700 an hour. Pine City is in danger, and 500 men are at work fighting the flames.

Now somebody has been unearthing a scandal in connection with Uncle Sam's Government. The New York *Mail and Express* says there is considerable "farming" done there.

At Bradford,, Pa. Sandy Ferry and James Darling, while blasting stumps with dynamite, were instantly killed and horribly multilated by a premature discharge of the explosive.

Owing to the prickings of conscience Jacob Brown, of Minneapolis, has confessed to a murder for which a man named Gray is serving a life sentence in the penitentiary at Chester, Ill.

A fly-wheel weighing twenty tons burst in Cincinnati on Friday while running 70 revolutions a minute. Thirty thousand dollars' worth of damage was done and one man slightly hurt.

A collision occurred on the Pittsburg & Western Railway, Near Newcastle, Pa., the other day, between a freight and a ballast train, in which nine men were killed and a number terribly injured.

Pennington's air ship was under a tent at the St. Louis fair grounds on Saturday, ready to be exhibited, when a storm caught the whole affair up and carried it off. No trace of it has been found. The ship cost $20,000.

Diplomatic trouble is brewing between the United States and Chili owing to the refusal of Minister Egan to surrender to the Junta certain persons who have taken refuge in the United States legation at Santiago.

At Lebanon, Pa., last Tuesday Paul Bomberger, aged 4, wandered on the track of the Lebanon Electric railway as a car was approaching. His mother, Mrs. Thomas Bomberger, rushed on the track to save him, when the car struck both. The mother was instantly killed and the boy will die.

At Bird's Eye, Ind., on Friday night a party of thirty men took Mrs. Harman, a woman of loose character, from her house, stripped her, and having tied her to a post flogged her with hickory switches in such a brutal manner that her life is despaired of, After the flogging she was left tied up all night.

Prof. James Haley, a well-known lightweight boxer and proprietor of the Long Island hotel, New York, died there of blood poisoning last week. The poisoning was the result of a blow he struck an unknown man who insulted his wife. Haley's hand came in contact with the stranger's teeth and was badly lacerated.

IN GENERAL.

Six hundred buildings remain standing at Consugura, Spain. There were 2,100 before the flood,

An incendiary fire at Kozieglow, Russian Poland, has destroyed 28 farms, with all the cattle and stores.

A serious epidemic of influenza prevails at Melbourne, Australia. Justic Webb has just died of the disease.

It is reported that King Alexander o Servia, aged 15, has been betrothed to the Princess Helena of Montenegro, aged 18.

Emperor William has appointed the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt a general of infantry and field marshal of the empire.

Russian troops are speedily moving westward and the calvalry depots on the German frontier are three times as strong as formerly.

The distress among the Russian peasantry is increasing, and there are stories afloat of parents eating their children at Nijni Novgorod.

Professor Winschild of Leipsic has announced his conversion to Protestantism in consequence of his disbelief in the holy coat at Treves.

Abundant harvests are reported from most of the Turkish provinces, and it is estimated the tithe roll will exceed any previous year by 500,000 Turkish pounds.

A despatch from the city of Mexico says that on the 15th inst. an outbreak occurred in the city of Guatemala, and private advices state that 500 lives were sacrificed.

The Czar is said to seriously think of sending the Jews in large numbers to Siberia, not as convicts, but to be presented with lands and forbidden to return to Russia.

Despatches from the interior of Russia are becoming more alarming. The famine is becoming so intense that thousands are dying of hunger, and women are selling themselves to procure food for their children.

A Chicago despatch says it is reported that the French Government has been for three weeks quietly picking up an enormous amount of grain and meats in the United States.

The Moscow Gazette, in reporting the movement of Russian troops on the Afghan frontier, boasts that England's impudent menaces on the Dardanelles matter will be answered in Asia, where there is no Dreibund to assist England.

Despatches from Rangoon, the capital of British Burmah, announce that great anxiety prevails there owing to the gathering of the dakoits in great force. Every precaution is being taken to repel an anticipated attack upon the garrison at Wuntho.

Samuel Harris, a native of San Francisco, has married the daughter of the King of the Paumotos Islands, in the South Pacific, and has been made Prime Minister.

A French Ghost Story.

A Fin de Siecle ghost, who instead of being attired in the traditional white robes, goes about dressed in green, and is known as La Dame Verte, is attracting a good deal of attention in the neighbourhood of Le Mans. The haunt of the creature is an old chateau belonging to the ancient family of Le Goidec, and she is supposed to be the departed spirit of an ancestress of the present owner. Mysterious noises, as usual in such cases, are heard in the rooms and passages, and the green lady makes her appearance in one particular room whenever anyone sleeps therein. The proprietor of the mansion recently determined, says a Paris correspondent, to exorcise the unwelcome visitor, and accordingly summoned the local bishop to his assistance. The worthy man slept in the haunted room, but far from removing the spell he received a visit from the mysterious visitor, andhas been ill ever since. The noises go on as before.

Evading Conscription in Russia.

An Odessa correspondent telegraphs :—An extraordinary case has just come before the criminal court of this city. A Jew named Eichenholz, together with a number of accomplices, is charged with unlawfully operating on young men, summoned to be balloted for as recruits, to make them exempt from the conscription. This he accomplishes by means of a subcutaneous injection composed of petroleum, eau-de-Cologne, and croton oil. It appears that this injection causes an infectious skin disease. Eichenholz, it is alleged, has in this way treated hundreds of young men, the sons of rich Jews and German colonists.

Exacting.

Customer (at a tailoring establishment, turning one of the pockets inside out)—"Blamed if here ain't a spider and two cockroaches !"

Salesman—"Yes, sir. You didn't expect to get a whole menagerie for four dollars, did you !"

It is the young men in Chicago who are looking after the fair with the most devotion.

BY HIS OWN HAND.

Boulanger Suicides at His Mistress' Grave.

ONCE THE IDOL OF THE FRENCH NATION.

Broken in Health and Fortune, Seeks Ignoble Death.

On Wednesday last Gen. Boulanger committed suicide at the tomb of his late mistress, Madame de Bonnemain.

The suicide in Brussels, took place about noon. He stood alone by the grave of his mistress for some time, appearing to be deeply affected by sorrowful recollections. An attendant, who had respectfully remained at some distance, suddenly heard a sharp report. Hastening to the spot he found Boulanger lying dead upon the ground with a revolver clenched in his right hand. A hasty examination of the body showed that he had placed the weapon to his right ear and fired. The deed has caused intense excitement among the followers of the dead general both here and in Paris. The police, who are now in possession of the suicide's lodgings, have not yet announced whether he left any statement. It is known his position, both financial and political had been getting blacker and blacker of late.

THE FUTURE HELD OUT NO HOPE

to him, and his remaining friends became as cold as they had once been warm when it was seen that the once famous soldier was no longer necessary to the welfare of France. Of these things he was conscious and they preyed on his mind. To this is to be added the morbid love or infatuation which he felt for the late Mde. de Bonnemain, to whom he was undoubtedly greatly attached, as evidenced by his renouncing what might have been an important political career in order to fly with her from France.

It is an open question as to what would have happened in France had the general chosen to face imprisonment and a possible political upheaval. Revelations made by M. Laguerre, the well-known Boulangist member of the Chamber of Commerce, subsequent to Boulanger's flight, show he had held relations with the Count de Paris and with Prince Jerome Napolean, and that the Duchess d'Uzes, one of the most ambitious and active members of the Royalist party, had spent 3,000,000 francs in advancing Boulanger's cause. Lord Randolph Churchill, the Marquis de Brentil and the son-in-law of the Duchess d'Uzes, the Duc de Leimes, were also at one time warmly interested in General Boulanger's fortunes.

MADAME DE BONNEMAIN

accompanied the general to England after his flight from France, and early in July last she was dangerously ill in Brussels, suffering from consumption. A Paris physician went expressly to treat her by a new system consisting of inoculating the patient with the germs of phthisis with gayacol. In spite of the efforts made to save her she died on July 7.

Madame de Bonnemain, at the height of Boulanger's career, two or three years ago, lived in the Rue de Beeri, Paris, where she was continually visited by the general. Spies kept track of their movements and discovered that they were very intimate. Madame Boulanger was informed of the facts, but refused to apply for a divorce. It was greatly through Madame de Bonnemain's favor that Boulanger was able to carry on his political intrigues, for she had inherited $1,500,000, all of which she devoted to his cause.

WHAT THE WORKMEN SAW.

One of the four men working in the cemetery at Ixelles, one mile south of this city, where Boulanger committed suicide, said he noticed the latter when he entered the cemetery gates at about 11.30 o'clock, looked sad and pale. Boulanger at once proceeded to the grave of Mme. de Bonnemain, which is near where the men were working, but which was hidden from their view. About three quarters of an hour after the general had passed the men were startled by the loud report of a revolver, and rushing to the grave found Boulanger lying beside it. He was dead. His hand was tightly grasping a revolver. The ball had entered his temple and had passed through his head. The body was taken to Boulanger's late residence.

Boulanger came here from London a few months ago. Recently he had not occupied his residence in the Avenue Louise, but owing to reduced means had been compelled to live in a small hotel. The general's friends say he has been inconsolable since the death of Mme. de Bonnemain. He had aged perceptibly and grown much thinner.

Interments in Westminster Abbey.

Long before the period of the Reformation the church was not only a royal burying place and the scene of every coronation, but also became the place appointed for royal weddings and christenings, Te Deums for victories, and national pageants. It was not until the reigns of Henry VIII. and of Edward VI. that a marked increase took place in the number of non-royal interments. In the reign of Elizabeth there was a great development in this respect, and the chapels round the east end of the church were no longer used as places of worship, but became simply receptacles of tombs and monuments. Effigies of the illustrious dead rapidly multiplied, and mural tablets also began to appear. But though the stream was widened, the burials were almost entirely those of families who were either connected with royalty by relationship or had prominently served the sovereign in the council chamber, at court, or in the administration of the law.

The Reformation brought about an enormous change ; but for some generations the honor of interment in the Abbey had been confined mainly to great statesmen, lawyers, soldiers and their families. Soon there came the dawn of other claims to that distinction. It is true that the year 1400 had been marked by the burial of Chaucer in the Abbey ; but, singularly enough, this was not in recognition of his claim as a poet. It was due rather to the positions he held under Richard II., among others that of "clerk of the royal works" ; to his residence at the time of his death in close contiguity to the old church ; and not least to his connection through his wife Philippa, with the Lancastrian line. Edmund Spenser, in 1599, was the first poet to whom the crowning honor of interment in the Abbey was conceded as an express tribute to his poetic fame. Like Chaucer, he died near the church, and the Earl of Essex undertook to pay the expenses of his funeral. The commencement of the civil war marked a new period in the history of the Abbey. It was henceforth more distinctly and consciously recognized as a place of burial or commemoration, an exceptional honor which might be attained by distinguished merit. Both the Protector and Parliament were imbued with what may be called the more modern sense of the value of such commemoration.—[Chamber's Journal.

An Italian Baron Murdered.

The wildest excitement exists at Avellino over a tragic event which took place the other morning, and which resulted in the death of a prominent member of the Italian nobility, Baron Henri Bresciamorra, a young married man of thirty years of age, who was arrested upon a charge of having seduced his cousin, and had a preliminary hearing in court. The place was crowded, and after some testimony had been taken the Court adjourned the case, and admitted the accused to bail. As he was leaving the courtroom a brother of the young girl implicated stepped forward, and, drawing a revolver, shot him twice in the head. Death was instantaneous. The Bresciamorra family is one of the best-known in Italy, and enjoys high reputation. The murderer was arrested.

It is said that enough cider has been made in Eastern Pennsylvania this year to fill the Schuylkill to its brim were that river to run dry.

SHOOTING A MAN-EATER.

An Englishman's Awful Position.

A quiet, gentlemanly, but very modest and reticent Englishman who was staying at the Grand Pacific Hotel in Chicago a few days ago was talking with a friend who owns a ranch in Montana and "swapping" some experiences when the question of the ferocity of various animals came up. The Englishman had traveled over the entire known world, and he said he would award the palm to the tiger. In the course of his conversation, he told of an episode in his life that was quite interesting.

It seems that during a short stay in Java he had, with a friend, attended a regular tiger-killing in an inland town, at which he was much disappointed. This tiger-killing is quite an affair. Having secured quite a number of the animals, which are kept caged, the day of the killing becomes quite a holiday, in which the authorities appear in state, flags are waved and a great time generally is had. The cages are inside a hollow square, formed by thousands of natives with spears, and when the tiger is let out he finds himself inside the four walls of sharp spears, and of course cannot break through or jump out, and so is slaughtered. This is their idea of "sport."

Mr. Denham, the Englishman referred to had gone to the exhibition with a certain M. Moreau from Southern France, and they were supremely disgusted. "These tigers," said Mr. Denham in telling of it, "are generally kept in cages for several days, and lose much of their ferocity, and of the ten that we butchered only one showed any spirit whatever."

The one I referred to was a magnificent specimen, and appeared to be absolutely fearless; but when he ran against a dozen sharp spears, and saw there was no way of breaking the ranks of

THAT TERRIBLE HOLLOW SQUARE,

he jumped back several feet with a howl of rage and stood lashing his sides and looking all around him. The hollow of the square was perhaps fifty yards across, and the wall of men forming it was perhaps twenty or thirty feet through. This tiger had been saved for the last, because it was thought he would furnish some sport, and suddenly, with the quick, catlike movement characterizing his kind, there was a streak along the ground through this open space, and a flash through the air, and the tawny beast made his last effort for liberty. We heard him howl as he landed on the spears of the outer ranks, and we heard the huzzas of victory followed by wails for several savages that he had evidently killed, and we turned away and began our preparations for a return to the coast.

Instead of returning as we had come M. Moreau suggested that we get a couple of guides, and walk to the little station of Kel, where we could take the train to Blittar. We secured two guides, and in order to lose no time started at once. One of our guides asked if it was true that the "man eater" (the royal tiger) had escaped ; the other guide informed him that it had sprung over, but had been caught in the spears of the outer ranks and killed.

Towards dusk we came in sight of a lovely stream of water fringed with trees (we had been crossing a small, sandy desert for the past few hours), and hastened to reach a point where our guides told us was an excellent place for camping. First we took a delightful bath in the stream, which was very wide and shallow here, and were preparing to eat a light supper, when we heard a noise, and looking up saw a large number of

ARMED SAVAGES

coming towards us with their long, swinging trot. We glanced at our guides, and were at once informed that they were friends and kindred, and upon their arrival learned that the "man eater" had really escaped when we supposed he was killed, and they were on his trail with orders from their ruler to kill him if they could not capture him.

There were fifty savages in the party, and they had already made up their minds to make no effort to capture him, as he had killed seven men in escaping, but to kill him at the first opportunity. Consequently, as soon as they had refreshed themselves with a bath, they crossed the stream, and went right along on his trail, while we followed more leisurely.

We had gone but a very short distance, however, when we heard a great noise, and running forward saw for the first time the full fury of a wounded tiger.

The savages had come upon him in a clump of bushes in the middle of a large open clearing, and had intended surrounding him to prevent his escape, but there was no necessity for that, for he seemed as anxious for fight as they. As a result, they had hardly begun to separate when he was upon them in a perfect fury.

I never saw such execution in my life. The band of savages were picked men, and were active, vigilant and brave. But the tiger's movements were like flashes of lightning. He would spring at one man, knock him down and crash another in his jaws at the same instant. And while a crowd of the savages would be upon him instantly with their spears, he would shake them off and leap for another victim on the outskirts of the crowd. This was in progress when we came up, and

WE STOOD IN AMAZEMENT

for a moment watching it, and trying to see how we could help. We at once saw that we must take our chances of hitting a native, so, grasping our rifles and getting them ready, we separated slightly and got within shooting distance. M. Moreau got the first shot, and with a howl of rage and pain the tiger rushed a few feet toward him and then made one of those magnificently beautiful leaps through the air at his victim. I was entirely prepared for a shot, and I saw at once that the only chance to save my friend from fatal wounds or instant death was to try a shot "on the fly," so when the tiger rose for his leap I followed him with my rifle barrel and let drive.

I have always been proud of that shot. It went through and through, immediately behind the animal's shoulder,and when he fell right where Moreau had been, he fell out without a quiver.

After it was all over, and Moreau and I had congratulated each other (for his shot had been a beauty, too—right between the animal's eyes, and its glancing had alone prevented its being fatal), we watched the natives gather themselves together and count their loss. Out of the entire number in the fight there were seventeen seriously (and some of them fatally) wounded, and eleven killed outright.

And I don't believe that any one who ever saw a tiger thoroughly enraged will dispute me when I say that it surpasses in ferocity any beast in creation.

"GOD SAVE THE CZAR."

A Short History of the Hymn Which is Disturbing European Politics.

The Russian national hymn, which has played such an abnormally large part in European politics recently, is very young, considering the gray antiquity of the country to which it belongs. When Czar Nicholas' with his composer, violinist, General, and Adjutant, Alexis Fredorowitch Lwow, appeared in Berlin and Vienna in 1833, the bands of the local garrisons were constrained to greet him with their own national airs, for painstaking research had failed to discover a melody essentially and imperially Russian. Nicholas was considerably abashed when his attention was called to this state of affairs, and his first order upon his return to St. Petersburg was that Lwow should prepare a Russian anthem. The result was the glorious melody of "God Save the Czar," which even Russian radicals and subjects of the three allied powers acknowledge has not been surpassed in purely patriotic music. The words of the hymn were written by Shukowsky.

The anthem was first rendered before the Czar on Nov. 23, 1833. It was made the national Russian hymn by the decree of the following Dec. 4. Lwow received from Nicholas, in recognition of the composition, a snuff box set with diamonds and the right to carry on his family coat of arms the words : "God save the Czar."

THE BOOTBLACKS OF A GREAT CITY

How They Put in the Time—De Game Was Swift and Crooked.

The newsboys and bootblacks of Toronto are dead game sports. What they don't know about gambling isn't worth knowing. During these warm days when business is a little slow they retire to some cool retreat in one of the lanes or behind some of the big warehouses and there in their own little Monte Carlo they "play de game" with all the shrewdness of old timers. Of course there are sharks among these juvenile sports, sharpers who have retired from legitimate business, and who spend their time in luring "de new jays" who have been "holdin' de evenins" for a few weeks only and who are not in it when they try their hand with these alley gangs. They haunt the down town lanes, the docks, vacant buildings, and other retreats where they are safe from visits from the police, and the whole tribe is proud of the reputation of some of its members for handling the cards.

CORKY IS A COO-COO.

"I tell yer, der aint a man in dis town dat can empty Corky's pockets, if de game's straight," said an enthusiastic onlooker to an *Empire* reporter yesterday, as he stood watching a swift game that was in progress in the Toronto Opera House lane. It was a novel sight. Squatted on the smooth ground were five young sports from 12 to 15 years of age, and the way they handled the dirty cards would make the old-time gambler envious. There was no "sucker" in the party at this little sitting. It was a case of shark watch shark. The personnel of the party was as follows : Against the theatre wall sat "Jimmie" and "Corky," both old timers, and perhaps the slickest pair in the gang. "Jimmie" is the scion of a famous family whose ancestral halls are situated in St. John's ward. He wore a black slouch hat that completely covered his eyes from the scrutinous gaze of the other players, and didn't say two words during the whole game. He simply "played de game" for all it was worth. Corky was a little more garrulous, but he talked for a purpose, and used pretty nearly all the rest of the lane as a spittoon. Besides "Corky" was a tall, slim bootblack, who is known in the select circle as "Skinny." The game had been in progress but a few minutes when "Corky" found that

HE WAS OUT SEVEN CENTS

and he got nervous. He was considered a "boss" player, and had often cleaned out the dock gang, but he was travelling in pretty swift company yesterday. "Swoppy" and "Irish" sat on the outside. They are east-enders and their reputation extends from the cow byres to the Winchester street bridge. They came up yesterday to "do up" the Yonge street sports, and being loaded down with "stuff," they rushed the game for a while. Select and wealthy, the party had furnished cigarettes, and all except "Corky" were enjoying them. In the midst of all the excitement he remained true to his old love, chewing tobacco. "Swoppy" was the dude of the party. There were no holes in his pants, and a pair of over-worn tennis shoes gave him a rather aristocratic appearance. His gaudily colored cigarette holder was the envy of every man around the table." There was considerable discussion as to what game should be played, but pedro was finally decided upon. The game was fast and furious, and the coppers changed hands pretty lively. All the while a scout was sitting in front of Underwood's ink manfa ctory on Johnson street

ON THE LOOKOUT FOR COPS.

He was promised three cents to watch and give warning if necessary. The signal was given once during the game, three shrill whistles, and in an instant the lane was deserted. Another signal, to warn them that the coast was clear, brought the party together again, and the game proceeded after the cards had been counted at the request of the east end representatives. Corky had a streak of bad luck.

"I ain't sayin' that de game's crooked,' he said, but I ain't in de habit of losin' seven cents every five minutes."

"Aw, y'allus shoot off yer mouth when yer drop a nickel," retorted Skinny, and after this there was a flow of choice vocabulary that made the odorous atmosphere of the lane almost sticky with blasphemy. Finally the east enders commenced to drop their pile and suspected crooked work. The cards were again counted and the dust rubbed off them. The excitement was too intense, however, and there was nothing for it but a free fight. "Irish" grabbed "Corky," pulled him out in the lane and was about to go through him when Corky pulled out a jackknife with a vicious-looking blade and kept the Don sports at a distance. A rough-and-tumble fight had just got nicely started when the three whistles were heard again, the lane was deserted and the game over.

Scenes like these are not at all uncommon in Toronto nowadays.

The Raw, Cutting Winds.

Bring to the surface every latent pain. A change of even a few degrees marks the difference between comfort and pain to many persons. Happily disease now holds less sway. Science is continually bringing forward new remedies which successfully combat disease. Polson's Nerviline—nerve pain cure—has proved the most successful pain relieving remedy known. Its application is wide, for it is equally efficient in all forms of pain whether intenal or external. 25 cents a bottle, at druggists.

Singular.

A 14-year-old boy at school wrote this sentence in an exercise: "Ten men and four woman." His teacher pointed out to him the sentence with the remark:

"Is it possible that you do not know, after all these years at school, that the plural of woman is women ?"

The boy scratched his head in a somewhat disconcerted way.

"Anyway," he said, "I've often heard my father say that woman is a singular eature !"

Dr. T. A. Slocums.

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A four-day ship must have a 15,000 horse-power.

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In France they have just completed a census of carrier pigeons.

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Lard, if applied at once, will remove the discoloration after a bruise.

GIBBON'S TOOTHACHE GUM.
For sale by Druggists. Price 15c.

A strange world this. In France, when a girl is pleasing, they say she is chic. Over here, when she doesn't please you, she's "an old hen."

Overloaded.

You've eaten too much turkey,
And so you cannot work, eh !
Your head feels very murky—

There ! I don't believe I could add another line and make it rhyme if I had a dollar for doing it. A few cents, however, will cure me. To relieve stomach and bowels from the effects of overloading, a full dose of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets is the best remedy. They operate gently, yet thoroughly, and without griping, nausea, or other unpleasant effects. In vials, convenient to carry.

It is not considered an offence for a switchman to flag at his work.

"Who hath not own'd with rapture-smitten frame
The power of grace, the magic of a name ?"

asks Campbell, the poet, in his "Pleasures of Hope. Pleasures of Hope, forsooth. Many and many a woman knows them no longer. They are in despair about their health. They are run down, debilitated, suffering from what they know not. It may be dyspepsia, heart disease, liver or kidney disease ; any or all of them. The sicknesses of women are cured by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. That's where the magic of a name comes in. This improves digestion, invigorates the system, enriches the blood, dispels aches and pains, produces refreshing sleep, dispels nervousness and melancholy, and builds up both the flesh and strength of those reduced below a healthy standard. It is a *legitimate medicine*, not a beverage. Contains no alcohol to inebriate ; no sugar or syrup to sour in the stomach and cause distress. It is as *peculiar* in its composition as it is marvelous in its medial results.

There is many a dynamiter who is afraid to give his mother-in-law a blowing up.

Don't Monkey With the Snake.

It is stated that a rattle-snake cannot bite if held up by the tail. Would you like to put the statement to a practical test ? Probably not ; but how often do you take far greater risks ? A snake-bite is not the only means of introducing poison into the system. If your liver is sluggish, it fails to remove the impurities from the blood which passes through it, and deadly poisons are thus thrown into the circulation, all the more dangerous because they are insidious. If your blood is impure, if your liver is out of order, if you have blotches, pimples, boils or eruptions, "don't monkey with the snake !" Take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery the only specific against all blood-poisons, no matter of what name or nature. It is sold under a *positive guarantee* that it will benefit or cure, or your money will be refunded.

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A.P.575

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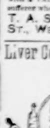

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The Postmistress of Laurel Run.

BY BRET HARTE.

[illegible] Bret Harte is a native of Albany, [illegible] where he was born 52 years ago, of English, German and Hebrew ancestry. While yet [illegible] his father, who had been a professor in [illegible] woman's school, died, and in 1854 the family [illegible] California.

[illegible] in the rude mining settlements of the [illegible] and mingling with the rough charac[illegible] about them, the boy absorbed from [illegible] experience many of the incidents which [illegible] grew under his magic touch into [illegible] familiar idyls of the embattled dig[illegible] the lawless [illegible] and the immoral bar.

[illegible] three years of his life in California [illegible] the mixed fortunes of a pioneer, and [illegible] at many means of livelihood. [illegible] he was a compositor in a newspaper [illegible] Eureka; then he mined for himself, [illegible] largely increasing his fortune. As a [illegible] teacher he was able to indulge more [illegible] the literary taste awakened by his [illegible] printer. These latter experiences [illegible] with all their natural color [illegible] into the delicate study entitled [illegible] A year's work as express messenger [illegible] the clear-cut pictures of Yuba Bill [illegible] knights of the stage.

[illegible] Mr. Harte went to San Francisco, tak[illegible] as a compositor in the office of the [illegible] A few Bohemian sketches writ[illegible] brought him under the favorable [illegible] the editor, and he was at once trans[illegible] the case to the desk. It was in 1863 [illegible] first sketch appeared in the East.

[illegible] ten years ago he left America to be [illegible] Glasgow, and although he has been [illegible] that office, he continues to live [illegible] being in a London suburb.

CHAPTER I.

The mail stage had just passed Laurel Run, so rapidly that the whirring cloud of dust dragged with it down the steep grade from the summit hung over the level long after the stage had vanished, and then drifting away, slowly sifted a red precipitate over the hot platform of the Laurel Run post office.

Out of this cloud presently emerged the neat figure of the postmistress, with the mail bag which had been dexterously flung at her feet from the top of the passing vehicle.

A dozen loungers eagerly stretched out their hands to assist her, but the warning, "It's agin the rules, boys, for any but her to touch it," from a bystander, and a coquettish shake of the head from the postmistress herself—much more effective than any official interdict—withheld them.

The bag was not heavy—Laurel Run was too recent a settlement to have attracted much correspondence—and the young woman, having pounced upon her prey with a certain feline instinct, dragged it, not without difficulty, behind the partitioned enclosure in the office and locked the door. Her pretty face, momentarily visible through the window, was slightly flushed with the exertion, and the loose ends of her fair hair, wet with perspiration, curled themselves over her forehead into tantalizing little rings.

But the window shutter was quickly closed, and this momentary but charming vision withdrawn from the waiting public.

"Guv'ment oughter have more sense than to make a woman pick mail bags outer the road," said Jo Simmons, sympathetically. "'Tain't in her day's work anyhow. Guv'ment oughter hand 'em over to her like a lady. It's rich enough and ugly enough."

"'Tain't guv'ment; it's that stage company's airs and graces," interrupted a newcomer. "They think it's mighty fine to go beltin' by, makin' everybody take their dust, because stoppin' ain't in their contract. Why, if that express man who chucked down the bag had any feelin's for a lady—" But he stopped here at the amused faces of his auditors.

"Guess you don't know much o' that expressman's feelin's, stranger," said Simmons, grimly. "Why, you oughter see him just nussin' that bag like a baby, as he comes tearin' down the grade, and then rise up and sorter heave it to Mrs. Baker, ez if it was a $5 bokay! His feelin's for her! Why he's give himself so dead away to her that we're looking for him to forget what he's doin' next, and just come a sailing down hisself at her feet."

Meanwhile on the other side of the partition, Mrs. Baker had brushed the red dust from the padlocked bag, and removed what seemed to be a supplementary package attached to it by a wire.

Opening it, she found a handsome scent-bottle, evidently a superadded gift from the devoted expressman. This she put aside with a slight smile and the murmured word, "Foolishness."

But when she had unlocked the bag, even its sacred interior was also profaned by a covert parcel from the adjacent postmaster at Burnt Ridge, containing a gold "specimen" brooch and some circus tickets.

It was laid aside with the other. This also was vanity—and presumably—vexation of spirit.

The delivery was consequently more or less protracted, but when each man had exchanged his three or four minutes' conversation with the fair postmistress, a conversation at times impeded by bashfulness or timidity, on his part solely, or restricted often to vague smiling, he resignedly made way for the next.

It was a formal levee, mitigated by the informality of rustic tact, great good humor and infinite patience, and would have been amusing had it not always been terribly in earnest and at times touching.

For it was peculiar to the place and the epoch, and indeed implied the whole history of Mrs. Baker.

She was the wife of John Baker, the foreman of "The Last Chance," now for a year lying dead under half a mile of crushed and beaten in tunnel at Burnt Ridge.

There had been a sudden outcry from the depths at high, hot noontide one day, and John had rushed from his cabin, his young, foolish, flirting wife clinging to him, to answer that despairing cry.

But she rose suddenly with a pale face, and said: "Go, John; I will wait for you here." He went; the men were freed, but she had waited for him ever since.

Yet in the shock of the calamity, and in the after struggles of the poverty which had come to the ruined camp, she had scarcely changed.

But the men had. Although she was, to all appearances, the same giddy, pretty Betsy Baker who had been so disturbing to the younger members, they seemed no longer to be disturbed by her.

A certain disturbed awe and respect, as if the martyred spirit of John Baker still held its arm around her, seemed to have come upon them all. They held their breath as this pretty woman, whose brief mourning had not seemed to affect her cheerfulness or even playfulness of spirit, passed before them. But she stood by her cabin and the camp, the only woman in a settlement of 40 men, during the darkest hours of their fortune.

When brighter days came and the settlement had increased by one or two families, and laggard capital had been hurried up to relieve the still beleaguered and locked-up wealth of Burnt Ridge, the needs of the community and the claims of the widow of John Baker were so well told in political quarters that the post office of Laurel Run was created expressly for her.

During the first week the sale of stamps at Laurel Run post office was unprecedented in the annals of the department. Fancy prices were given for the first issues; then they were bought wildly, recklessly, unprofitably, and on all occasions. Complimentary congratulations at the little window invariably ended with "and a dollar's worth of stamps, Mrs. Baker."

It was felt to be supremely delicate to buy only the highest priced stamps, without reference to their adequacy; then mere quantity was sought: then outgoing letters were all overpaid and stamped in outrageous proportion to their weight and even size.

The imbecility of this, and its probable effect on the reputation of Laural Run at the general post office, being pointed out by Mrs. Baker, stamps were adopted as local currency and even for decorative purposes on mirrors and the walls of cabins.

How long the extravagance would have continued is not known, but it was not until it was rumored that, in consequence of this excessive flow of business, the department had concluded that a postmaster would be better fitted for the place that it abated, and a compromise was affected with the general office by a permanent salary to the postmistress.

Such was the history of Mrs. Baker, who had just finished her afternoon levee, nodded a smiling "goodby" to her last customer and closed her shutter again.

Then she took up her own letters, but before reading them, glanced, with a pretty impatience at the two official envelopes addressed to herself, which she had shelved.

They were generally a "lot of new rules," or notifications, or "absurd" questions which had nothing to do with Laurel Run, and only bothered her and "made her head ache," and she had usually referred them to her admiring neighbor at Hickory Hill for explanation, who had generally returned them to her with the brief indorsement, "Purp, stuff, don't bother," or, "Hog wash, let it slide."

She remembered now that he had not returned the two last. With knotted brows and a slight pout she put aside her private correspondence and tore open the first one. It referred with official curtness to an unanswered communication of the previous week, and was "compelled to remind her of rule 47." Again those horrid rules!

She opened the others: the frown deepened on her brow and became fixed.

It was a summary of certain valuable money letters that had miscarried on the route, and of which they had given her previous information.

For a moment her cheeks blazed. How dare they; what did they mean?

Her waybills and registers were always right; she knew the names of every man, woman and child in her district; no such names as those borne by the missing letters had ever existed in Laurel Run; no such addresses had ever been sent from Laurel post office. It was a mean insinuation.

She would send in her resignation at once. She would get the "boys" to write an insulting letter to Senator Slocumb. Mrs. Baker had the feminine idea of government as a purely personal institution, and she would find out who it was that had put them up to this prying, crawling impudence.

It was probably that wall-eyed old wife of the postmaster of Heavytree Crossing, who was jealous of her. "Remind her of their previous unanswered communication indeed! Where was that communication, anyway? She remembered she had sent it to her admirer at Hickory Hill.

Odd that he hadn't answered it; of course he knew all about this meanness; could he, too, have dared to suspect her? The thought turned her crimson again.

He, Stanton Green, was an old 'Laurel Runner,' a friend of John's, a little 'triflin' and 'presoomin' but still an old loyal pioneer of the camp. Why hadn't he spoken up?"

There was the soft muffled fall of a horse's hoof in the thick dust of the highway, the jingle of dismounting spurs, and a firm tread on the platform.

He was a man of 50, compactly and strongly built. A squarely cut goatee, slightly streaked with gray, fell straight from his thin-lipped but handsome mouth; his eyes were dark, humorous, yet searching.

"Good morning, Mrs. Baker," he said, pleasantly, with his hat already in his hand. "I'm Harry Home of San Francisco." As he spoke his eye swept approvingly over the neat enclosure, the primly tied papers and well-kept pigeon-holes; the pot of flowers on her desk, her china silk mantle and killing little chip hat, and ribbons hanging against the wall, thence to her own pink-flushed face, bright blue eyes, tendrilled clinging hair, and then fell upon the leathern mail bag still lying across the table.

Here it became fixed on the unfortunate wire of the amorous expressman that yet remained hanging from the brass wards of the lock, and he reached his hand toward it.

"How dare you touch it," she said, indignantly. "How dare you come in here? Who are you, anyway? Go outside at once?"

The stranger fell back with an amused deprecatory gesture and a long, silent laugh.

"I ought to have explained," he went on smilingly; but you are quite right, Mrs. Baker," he added, nodding toward the bag. "As far as you know, I had no business to go near it. Glad to see you know how to defend Uncle Sam's property so well. I was only a bit puzzled to know," pointing to the wire, "if that thing was on the bag when it was delivered to you?"

"It's only the expressman's foolishness," she said, with a slightly coquettish toss of her head. "He thinks it smart to tie some nonsense on that bag with the wire when he flings it down."

Mr. Home, with his eyes on her pretty face, seemed to think it a not inhuman or unpardonable folly.

"As long as he doesn't meddle with the inside of the bag I suppose you must put up with it," he said, laughingly.

A dreadful recollection that the Hickory Hill postmaster had used the inside of the bag to convey his foolishness came across her. It would never do confess now.

"Now, I should like to refer an instant to my first communication to you. Have you got it handy?"

Mrs. Baker' face fell. "No; I sent it over to Mr. Green of Hickory Hill for information."

"What!"

Terrified at the sudden seriousness of the man's voice, she managed to gasp out, however, that, after her usual habit, she had not opened the official letters, but had sent them to her more experienced colleague for advice and information; that she never could understand them herself; they made her head ache, and interferred with her other duties, but he understood them, and sent her word what to do. Remembering, also, his usual style of indorsement, she grew red again.

"And what did he say?"

"Nothing; he didn't return them."

"Naturally," said Mr. Home, with a peculiar expression. After a few moments' silent stroking of his beard, he suddenly faced the frightened woman.

"You oblige me, Mrs. Baker, to speak more frankly to you than I had intended. You have, unwittingly, I believe, given information to a man whom the government suspects of peculation. You have, without knowing it, warned the postmaster at Hickory Hill that he is suspected, and as you might have frustrated our plans for tracing a series of embezzlements to their prope source, you will see that you might have a so done great wrong to yourself as his only neighbor, and the next responsible person.

"When I open that bag in this office tonight, and do not find a certain decoy letter in it, which was last checked at Heavytree Crossing, I shall know that it remains in Green's possession at Hickory Hill."

"I will leave you here alone for awhile, so as to divert any suspicion. You will come, as usual, this evening, and be seen by your friends; I will only be here when the bag arrives to open it.

"Goodby, Mrs. Baker; it's a nasty bit of business, but it's all in the day's work. I've seen worse, and, thank God, you're out of it."

In the breathless silence that followed, a woodpecker took up his interrupted work on the roof, and seemed to beat out monotonously in her ear the last words of the stranger. Stanton Green—a thief! Stanton Green, one of the "boys" John had helped out of the falling tunnel! Stanton Green whose old mother in the States still wrote letters to him at Laurel Run, in a few hours to be a disgraced and ruined man for ever!

She remembered now, as a thoughtless woman remembers, tales of his extravagance and fast living, of which she had taken no heed, and, with a sense of shame, of presents sent her, that she now clearly saw must have been far beyond his means.

What should the boys say? What would John have said? Ah! what would John have done?

She started suddenly to her feet, white and cold, as on that day that she had parted from John Baker before the tunnel. She put on her hat and mantle, and going to that little iron safe that stood in the corner, unlocked it and took out its entire contents of gold and silver.

She had reached the door when another idea seized her, and opening her desk she collected her stamps to the last sheet and hurriedly rolled them up under her cape.

Then, with a glance at the clock and a rapid survey of the road from the platform, she slipped from it and seemed to be swallowed up in the waiting woods beyond.

CHAPTER II.

Once within the friendly shadows of the long belt of pines, Mrs. Baker kept them until she had left the limited settlement of Laurel Run far to the right and came upon an open slope of Burnt Ridge, where she knew Jo Simmons' mustang, Blue Lightning, would be quietly feeding.

The tool shed of Burnt Ridge tunnel, where Jo's saddle and bridle always hung, was but a canter father on.

She reached it unperceived, and—another trick of the old days—quickly extemporized a side saddle from Simmons' Mexican tree, with its high cantle and horn bur, and the aid of a blanket. Then leaping to her seat she rapidly threw off her mantle, tied it by its sleeves around her waist, tucked it under one knee, and let it fall over her horse's flanks. By this time Blue Lightning was also struck with a flash of equine recollection, and pricked up his ears. Mrs. Baker uttered a little chirping cry which he remembered, and the next moment they were both careering over the ridge.

The stage would be at Hickory Hill just before half-past eight; she ought to anticipate it, if possible—it would stay 10 minutes to change horses—she must arrive before it left.

She knew her horse, she knew the trail, she knew herself, but did she know the man to whom she was riding? A cold chill crept over her, and then she shivered in a sudden blast; it was night at last swooping down from the invisible Sierras, and possessing all it touched.

But it was only one long descent to Hickory hill now, and she swept down securely on its wings. Half-past eight! The lights of the settlement were just ahead of her, but so, too, were the two lamps of the waiting stage before the post office and hotel.

Hapiy the lounging crowd were gathered around the hotel, and she slipped into the post office from the rear, unperceived. As she stepped behind the partition, its only occupant—a good-looking young fellow with a reddish mustache—turned towards her with a flush of delighted surprise.

But it changed at the sight of the white determined face that had never looked once towards him, but was fixed upon a large bag, whose yawning mouth was still open and propped up beside his desk.

"Where is the through money letter that came in that bag?" she said quickly.

"What—do—you—mean?" he stammered, with a face that had suddenly grown whiter than her own.

"I mean that it's a decoy, checked at Heavy Tree Crossing, and that Mr. Hone of San Francisco is now waiting at my office for to know if you have taken it."

The laugh and lie that he had at first tried to summon to mouth and lips never reached them. For under the spell of her rigid, truthful face he turned almost mechanically to his desk and took out a package.

"Good God! you've opened it already!" she cried, pointing to the broken seal.

The expression on her face, more than anything she had said, convinced him that she knew all. He stammered under the new alarm that her despairing tone suggested. "Yes, I was owing some bills—the collector was waiting here for the money, and I took something from the packet. But I was going to make it up by the next mail—I swear it."

"How much have you taken?"

"Only a trifle, I—"

"How much?"

"A hundred dollars!"

She dragged the money she had brought from Laurel Run from her pocket, and counting out the sum, replaced it in the open package.

He ran quickly to get the sealing wax, but she motioned him away as she dropped the package back into the mail bag.

"No; as long as the money is found in the bag the package may have been broken accidentally. Now burst open one or two of those other packages a little—so."

She took out a packet of letters and bruised their official wrappings under her, little foot until the tape fastening was loosened. "Now give me something heavy."

She caught up a large two-pound weight, and in the same feverish but collected hast, wrapped it in paper, sealed it, stamped ite and, addressing it in a large printed hand to herself at Laurel Hill, dropped it in the bag.

Then she closed it and locked it. He would have assisted her, but she again waved him away.

"Send the expressman, and keep yourself out of the way for a moment," she said curtly.

Mrs Baker wiped her moist forehead and parched lips, and shook out her skirt. Well might the young expressman start at the unexpected revelation of those sparkling eyes and that demurely smiling mouth at the little window.

"Mrs. Baker!

She put her finger quickly to her lips, and threw a world of unutterable and enimatical meaning into her mischievous face.

"There's a big San Francisco swell takin' my place at Laurel to-night, Charley."

"Yes ma'am."

"And it's a pity that the omnibus way bag happened to get such a shaking up and bang'ng round already, coming here."

"Eh?"

"I say," continued Mrs. Baker, with great gravity and dancing eyes, "that it would be just awful if that keerful city clark found things kinder mixed up inside when he comes to open it. I wouldn't give him trouble for the world, Charley."

"No, ma'am, it ain't like you."

"So you'll be particularly careful on my account."

"Mrs. Baker," said Charley' with infinite gravity, "if that bag should tumble off a dozen times between this and Laurel Hill I'll hop down and pick it up myself."

"Thank you. Shake!

They shook hands gravely across the window ledge.

"And you ain't goin' down with us, Mrs. Baker?"

"Of course not. It wouldn't do, for ain't here—don't you see?'

"Of course!"

Then Mrs. Baker came back into the office, and, as the wheels rolled away, threw herself into a chair and inconsistently gave way for the first time to an outburst of tears.

Then her hand was grasped suddenly.

She found Green on his knees before her. She started to her feet.

"Listen, Mrs. Baker. I have been striving to get money honestly, dishonestly—any way to look well in your eyes—to make myself worthy of you—to make myself rich and to be able to offer you a home and take you away from Laurel Run. It was all for you—it was all for love of you. Betsy, my darling. Listen to me!"

In the fury, outraged sensibility, indignation and infinite disgust that filled her little body at that moment, she should have been large, imperious, goddess-like and commanding. But God is at times ironical with suffering womanhood.

And all she could say was, "Leave me be, looney, or I'll scream!"

He rose with a weak, confused laugh, half of miserable affectation and half of real anger and shame.

"What did you come riding over here for, then? What did you take all this risk for? Why did you rush over here to share my disgrace, for you are as much mixed up with this now as I am—if you didn't calculate to share everything else with me? What did you come here for, then, if not for me?

"Yes, John Baker, lying under half of Burnt Ridge, but more to me this day than any living man crawling over it—in—in—(oh, fatal climax!) a month o' Sundays! What did I come here for? I came here as John Baker's livin' wife to carry on dead John Baker's work.

"Yes, dirty work this time, maybe, Mrs. Green! but his work and for him only—precious! That's what I come here for; that's what I live for! that's what I'm waiting for—to be up to him and his work always! That's me—Betsy Baker!"

"Stanton Green, don't be a fool! Rise up out of this and be a man again. Take enough out of that bag to pay what you owe gov'ment, send in your resignation, and keep the rest to start you in an honest life elsewhere. But light out o' Hickory Hill before this time to-morrow."

She pulled her mantle from the wall and opened the door.

"You are going?" he said, bitterly.

"Yes."

"Yes, I'm goin' to run Blue Lightning again Charley and that way-bag back to Laurel Run, and break the record."

It is said that she did. Perhaps owing to the fact that the grade of the return journey to Laurel Hill was in her favor, and that she could avoid the long, circuitous ascent to the summit taken by the stage, or that, owing to the extraordinary difficulties in the carriage of the way-bag, which had to be twice rescued from under the wheels of the stage, she entered the Laurel Run post office as the coach leaders came trotting up the hill.

Mr. Home was already on the platform.

As the bolt of the bag was drawn, revealing its chaotic interior. Mrs. Baker gave a little sigh. Home glanced quickly at her, emptied the bag upon the floor and picked up the broken and half-filled money parcel. Then he collected the scattered coins and counted them.

"It's all right, Mrs. Baker," he said, gravely. "He's safe this time."

"I'm so glad!" said little Mrs. Baker, with a hypocritical gasp.

"So am I," returned Home, with increasing gravity, as he took the coin, "for, from all I have gathered this afternoon, it seems he was an old pioneer of Laurel Run, a friend of your husband's, and, I think, more fool than knave." He was silent for a moment, clicking the coins against each other Then he said carelessly, "Did he get quite away, Mrs. Baker?'

"I'm sure I don't know what your talking about," said Mrs. Baker, with a lofty air of dignity, but a somewhat debasing color, "I don't see why I should know anything about it or why he should go away at all."

"Well," said Mr. Home, laying his hand gently on the widow's shoulder, "well, you see, it might have occurred to his friends that the coins were marked! That is, no doubt, the reason why he would take their good advice and go. But, as I said before. Mrs. Baker, 'you're all right, whatever happens, the government stands by you.'"

STUNG BY WASPS.

An Extraordinary Experience in a German Village.

A man in Konigs Wasterhausen, a village near Berlin, was a few days ago (writes a Berlin correspondent) terribly stung by wasps, whose nest he had unknowingly disturbed. An old pump stands near his cottage which is no longer used. Last Wednesday he thought he would just see whether it was possible to still pump water out of it. He moved the handle, and in doing so disturbed a wasp's nest which had been built inside the pump. The insects attacked him furiously and he fled down the road. The wasps followed him and stung him persistently. A cart was coming along the road in which sat a peasant, his wife, and the driver. The man, in his desperation, ran several times round the cart, hoping that the wasps would leave him and attack the horses. This they certainly did, but a goodly number still stuck to him, till at last he threw himself into some thick bushes, and rolled over and over in them until he had freed himself from the enraged insects. With his face terribly swollen, and nearly blind, he hurried to the nearest inn, where raw meat and wet clay were laid upon the swollen parts. In the meanwhile the peasant's horses, maddened by the vicious insects, bolted. The peasant and the driver were thrown out of the cart, and the wife lay at full length at the bottom, the wasps stinging her as well as the horses. It took some time to catch the horses and then to kill and drive off the rest of the wasps. Happily the occupants of the cart were not much hurt.

A CAREER OF CRIME.

The Sad Case of a Returned Convict.

A remarkable story of a returned convict's career was related in the Liverpool Police Court on Saturday, when Thos. Williams (70) was charged with failing to report himself. He appeared to be in a terribly feeble condition, and had to be almost lifted into the dock. The prisoner, who had undergone terms of penal servitude, had been a great trouble to the police for thirty years past. In May last prisoner was found on the pavement outside a tailor's shop which had several times been broken into. He had climbed to a window on the second floor, and fallen thence to the ground. His thigh and left arm was broken, and several ribs fractured. He was removed to the infirmary, but behaved so violently that the doctor and nurses insisted on his removal to the workhouse hospital. He refused to stay there, and was therefore brought before the stipendiary. He was ordered to be sent back to complete his sentence, which expires next August.

It is a precept of good manners and good sense, and therefore of good style, to adapt your allusions to your audience. People who obtrude their particular "shop" on mixed company, or perplex the strangers within their gates with unintelligible family jokes, are guilty of intolerably bad manners. So, in literature, persistent allusions to out-of-the-way and obscure books and characters are equally a piece of bad manners. Allusiveness is felt to be offensive the moment the allusions are not understood.

Intensive and Extensive Farming.

Slipshod farming no longer pays. In many localities the aim of farmers is to get more acres instead of better yields. It is a fact that the whole drift of agriculture in this country has been toward extending the area instead of increasing the productiveness of the soil. Skimming and skinning the broad acres has been the rule, and as fast as the virgin soil ceases to produce a remunerative yield by this process, the disposition has been to abandon it and put other acres under the plow to undergo the same depletive process of culture, until wellnigh the whole surface of the country has been overrun and impoverished. Of course there are exceptions, but this has been the rule. Instead of farming so as to improve the fertility of the soil, the opposite course has been pursued. Think of the paltry average of thirteen bushels of wheat per acre for the whole country! Is it any wonder that farming does not pay? In all other kinds of business the practice has been to concentrate and intensify, until almost every one is pursuing some specialty with an intensity that indicates the necessity for energetic and individual action in the pursuit of the means to sustain life. As *Farm, Stock and Home* expresses it, "the intensive David is getting the better of the extensive Goliah now as he did in that olden time we read of. The struggle must not be given up in this way. The farmer of today must buckle on new armor, study the demands of the times and the needs of the soil, concentrate his energies, and produce larger crops on less soil and at less expense. To this must all farming come at last. We are in the beginning of a transition stage in farming, and the time is near at hand when not only brains, but educated brains, must direct the farming operations, or the world will perish from lack of the products of the soil.

A single sheet of paper six feet wide and seven and three-quarter miles long has been made at a paper mill in New Jersey.

AGRICULTURAL.

Apples for Profit.

At the last meeting of the Ontario Fruit Growers' Association, a committee composed of Messrs. Thos. Beall, P.C. Dempsey and Alex. McD. Allan was appointed to name the varieties of apples which may be most successfully and profitably grown in each of the electoral divisions of this Province. The number of varieties for each district was not to exceed twelve in all, made up of three for summer, four for autumn, and five for winter. In compiling the following lists the committee state that they have consulted the directors as well as the leading fruit growers in each of the several districts. They have also tried to frame the lists so as to advise the planting of such varieties as bear the highest general points for each district for hardiness, growth, bearing and shipping quality of fruit and commercial values, both in local and foreign markets. In point of season they have drawn the line for summer apples up to September 1, autumn to December 1, and after that date, winter, upon the understood principle that varieties arriving at maturity within the periods named belong to such seasons, although many, if not all, the varieties named are often kept and sold in market later in the season. A few of the varieties named are placed in the list a little out of proper season so far as some sections are concerned, but, as it was necessary to draw the line somewhere, they did so, taking the Province into consideration can the area within which such varieties and be most successfully cultivated. The lists are as follows:—

DISTRICT No 1—Stormont, Dundas, Glengarry, Prescott and Cornwall.—W. S. Turner, Cornwall, director. Summer—Yellow Transparent, Duchess of Oldenburgh. Autumn—Alexander, Famuse, Gideon, St. Lawrence. Winter—LaRue, Pewaukee, Golden Russet, Ben Davis, Talman Sweet.

DISTRICT No. 2.—Lanark, Renfrew, City of Ottawa, Carlton and Russel.—John Craig, Experimental Farm, Ottawa, director. Summer—Yellow Transparent, Duchess of Oldenburgh. Autumn—Alexander, Montreal Peach, Wealthy and Haas. Winter—Pewaukee, Golden Russet, Scott's Winter, Talman Sweet, and Edgar's Red Streak.

DISTRICT No. 3.—Frontenac, City of Kingston, Leeds, Grenville and Brockville.—David Nichol, Cataraqui, director. Summer—Yellow Transparent, Duchess of Oldenburgh and Red Astrachan. Autumn—Alexander, Colvert, Wealthy and St. Lawrence. Winter—Golden Russet, Pewaukee, LaRue, Ben Davis and Red Canada.

DISTRICT No. 4.—Hastings, Prince Edward, Lennox and Addington.—P. C. Dempsey, Trenton, director. Summer—Yellow Transparent and Duchess of Oldenburgh. Autumn—Alexander, Trenton, Gravenstein and Wealthy. Winter—Ontario, Hubbardston's Nonsuch, Pewaukee, Ben Davis and Cranberry Pippin.

DISTRICT No. 5.—Durham, Northumberland, Peterboro', Victoria and Haliburton.—Thos. Beall, Lindsay, director. Summer—Yellow Transparent and Duchess of Oldenburg.—Autumn—Alexander, Colvert, St. Lawrence and Gravenstein. Winter—Ontario, Hubbardston's Nonsuch, Pewaukee, Ben Davis and Blenheim Pippin.

DISTRICT No. 6.—York, Ontario, Peel, Cardwell and City of Toronto.—W. E. Wellington, Toronto, director.—Summer—Yellow Transparent and Duchess of Oldenburgh. Autumn—Alexander, Gravenstein, Red Beitigheimer and Wealthy.—Winter—Golden Russet, Pewaukee, Ontario, Ben Davis, and Hubbardston's Nonsuch.

DISTRICT No. 7.—Wellington, Waterloo, Wentworth, Halton, Dufferin, and City of Hamilton.—M. Pettit, Winona, director. Summer—Yellow Transparent, Early Harvest and Duchess of Oldenburgh. Autumn—Gravenstein, Colvert and Wealthy. Winter—Golden Russet, Ontario, Blenheim Pipp'n, Badwin and Cranberry Pippin.

DISTRICT No. 8—Lincoln, Welland, Haldimand and Monck.—A. M. Smith, St. Catharines, director. Summer—Duchess of Oldenburgh and Red Astrachan. Autumn—Gravenstein, Princess Louise and Wealthy. Winter—Blenheim Pippin, Ontario, Ribston Pippin, Golden Russet and Cranberry Pippin.

DISTRICT No. 9.—Elgin, Brant, Oxford and Norfolk.—J. K. McMichael, Waterford, director. Summer—Duchess of Oldenburgh and Early Harvest. Autumn—Gravenstein, Twenty Ounce and Fall Pippin. Winter—Blenheim Pippin, Ontario, Baldwin, R. I. Greening and Golden Russet.

DISTRICT No. 10.—Huron, Bruce and Grey.—A. McD. Allan, Goderich, director. Summer—Yellow Transparent and Duchess of Oldenburgh. Autumn—Gravenstein, Wealthy and Colvert. Winter—Pewaukee, Ontario, Baldwin, Hubbardston's Nonsuch and Cranberry Pippin.

DISTRICT No. 11.—Middlesex, Perth and City of London—T. H. Race, Mitchell, director. Summer—Duchess of Oldenburgh and Yellow Transparent. Autumn—Gravenstein, Colvert, Alexander and Fall Pippin. Winter—Golden Russet, Ribston Pippin, Ontario, Hubbardston's Nonsuch and Cranberry Pippin.

DISTRICT No. 12.—Essex, Kent, and Lambton—M. L. Clinton, Windsor, director. Summer—Yellow Transparent and Duchess of Oldenburgh. Autumn—Gravenstein, Chenango Strawberry, Wealthy and Lowell. Winter—Ontario, Blenheim Pippin, Baldwin, R. I. Greening and Golden Russet.

DISTRICT No. 13.—Algoma, Simcoe, Muskoka and Parry Sound.—G. C. Caston, Craighurst, director.—Summer—Duchess of Oldenburgh and Yellow Transparent. Autumn—Alexander, Colvert, Red Beitigheimer and St. Lawrence. Winter—Pewaukee, Golden Russet, Scott's Winter, La Rue and Ben Davis.

Feeding for Butter.

The late Col. F. D. Curtis, in a lecture at an institute last winter, said to his dairymen hearers that olein is the soft principle in butter and its increase, by the excessive feeding of cotton-seed and linseed meal, thereby making soft butter, has led many men to discard its use altogether. This is a mistake; as it is wise to use foods which will increase the butter yield, but at the same time it is also wise to unite with these olein-making foods those which will produce more stearin, which is the hard principle in butter, as well as in lard. Corn meal will do this. Farmers must have observed the fact that when the cows were fed all corn-meal the butter was hard, dry and crumbly. Such is the case. Wheat bran seems to be a great regulator of the constituents of butter and when combined with cottonseed, linseed and cornmeal, the butter will be well proportioned and balanced in its constituents. It is also a good balance for cotton and linseed meals.

The lesson is then plain that no single food is entirely fitted for the production of good butter, nor to obtain a large quantity, so well as a variety of foods. The remarks of Mr. Crozier, in a recent number, verify this. Stearin and palmatin constitute one half of butter, and olein 42.21 per cent.; butterin, 7.69 per cent., and the volatile oils about one tenth of one per cent.

There are some foods which produce butter so unevenly balanced, or so poor, that it will hardly come together when churned and it is so soft and lacking in texture that it is not much different from lard. This is quite generally the case with butter made in winter, and it is because the cows do not have balanced foods, or foods suitable to make good butter. This is dairying under difficulties, and hence most dairymen dry up their cows when the grass is gone, or rather, the cows, with an instinctive sense almost human, dry themselves up, rather than to use up the stores of muscle and fat they may have accumulated in their bodies while they had a chance to procure God's food—grass—which, being balanced and proportioned by His wisdom, gives such satisfactory results in growth and production in milk strong in solids. How queer it is that a supposed business-man, who relies upon his cows as his factors or partners by which to obtain a living, should expect that these partners would make a return to him of profit, or even income, for nothing: for food is nothing in the dairy unless there is in it enough of the elements required to produce an income beyond the bare maintenance of the cow. In most cases, I am forced to charge, the food is not enough for maintenance, and depletion sets in as a junior partner to use up a considerable portion of the former profits. A little additional food, properly selected, would turn the dairy business from simple maintenance or depletion to production and profit. Farming, or wintering stock, for reduction is too common. The dairyman should exchange some of his surplus foods, which are alike in constituents too much carbonaceous, for bran, linseed or cottonseed meal, and unite these with the cornstalks, the mixed hay, and the straw, and so fit his cows for the production of milk which will make good butter. Cows should be made productive at least ten and a half months in the year, and they can be with proper food and comfort. There are no milk solids, and especially butter fats, in barnyard shivers, icicles suspended from the cow's nose, or in frozen tears. One would think there was from the common methods of wintering cows.

HIS HAIR TURNED WHITE.

Eight Hours With a Coral Snake Under His Heel.

The coral snake is the most beautiful reptile that crawls, its bite is most deadly Along the Floresta, that magnificent drive way that runs in and out among the Tijuc Mountains, back of Rio de Janeiro, Brazil these ornamental pests can be seen every day, their many-colored scales showing in the sunlight while they move through the foliage, after looking like elongated flowers as they rest for a moment upon some green plant.

At high noon the snakes can be seen lying in the middle of the road enjoying a sun bath, and often two or three are huddled together, tied in a knot as it were, until one can hardly tell where one reptile begins or another ends. Nobody has been known to recover from the coral snake's bite; at least the natives say so. But the pretty little reptiles are not dreaded as much in that country as are larger ones, for they never attack unless angered. Indeed visitors to Brazil count among one of the sights a glimpse of the coral snakes that line the Floresta, and often persons can be seen standing within a few feet of a bunch of these many-hued reptiles, watching them as they lie in their noontide stupor. But tread upon one or punch it with a stick and the foot and a half of tinted scales jumps forward. Just one touch of the forked tongue on the leg or arm and within a few hours the person bitten dies in terrible paroxysms.

Lieut. Metcalfe knew this as he strolled along the Floresta one afternoon during the month of September, 1885. Three vessels of the South Atlantic Squadron, Her Majesty's Navy, were lying in Rio's beautiful bay at that time, and several officers on a few days' leave were visiting at White's Hotel, that charming little resort up in the Tijuca mountains. The Lieutenant had been for a long walk and was returning to the hotel. He was alone, the day was excessively warm, and he strolled slowly glancing right and left at the wondrous vegetation that, nursed by the many rains and intense heat, is far beyond what any hot-house can mature.

Suddenly he stopped—stock still. He had felt something move beneath his foot, and instinct told him to halt. A glance down showed him a coral snake. He had stepped upon it and a portion of the body was under the sole of his low cut shoe. On one side the head projected about an inch, on the other side the tail curled up until it beat against his leg.

That night Lieut. Metcalfe did not appear at the *table d'hote* dinner at White's. His fellow officers were much surprised, and when at 10 o'clock he had not shown up, they decided to look for him. Naturally they walked along the Floresta, but it was midnight before their calls were answered by a faint reply. Hastening up they saw him standing in the middle of the road, but he was swaying to and fro. In a few trembling words he urged his companions to despatch the little death-dealing reptile A knife was produced and with one slash the coral's head was lying away from its body. Then the lieutenant fell in a faint. As his cap rolled off it was seen that his hair, which the day before had been a dark brown, was white as snow. It was the next day before he could tell of his terrible experience.

"My first thought," said he, "was to do what you finally did—cut the snake's head off. I felt in my pocket, but my knife was gone. Then I tried to grind the snake under my foot, but the roadbed was so soft that the reptile was partly buried. It was impossible to shift it under my heel, for once under the arch of the foot and it would have had full sway. You see the head was on the outside of my left foot, and I couldn't use the right to any advantage for fear of falling over. Then again I didn't dare shift the position, for that forked tongue was within a half inch of my ankle, and, having on low-cut shoes, little more would have resulted in my death.

"Although vexations, the matter did not seem very alarming to me during the first hour. Every moment I expected to see some one. But, as you know, the day was excessively hot, and not a soul was out. Finally night set in and I began to grow nervous. My leg grew stiff and I feared cramps would come. I lowered my suspender buckle and carefully stooped down, intent on sawing off the little demon's head with the sharp edge. But as I bent over the tongue flashed out and I knew that I couldn't reach the body without being bitten in the hand, so I stood upright again.

"About 10 o'clock I heard voices, and I uttered a prayer of thanks. Two men and two women were coming up the Floresta; I could hear the sweet laughter of the latter. Like a fool, I postponed calling until they might come nearer. Then I noticed that their voices were less distinct, and realized that they had turned into one of the driveways that lead to the haciendas. My heart sank within me. I called, but it was too late. The girls were singing, and soon their voices died away.

"A little later a native passed me. He had been to the village drinking *paratee* and was half seas over. I called to him. He stood stock still, looked at me for a moment, then passed on, muttering something about a *loco* Englishman. I suppose I did sway like a drunken man, and I am certain my voice trembled. In despair I yelled, 'Cobra,' the only word I know that might attract his attention. But the word 'snake caused him to run as if mad, and I caught myself laughing—laughing in my agony. Then a revulsion of feeling came over me. I thought it would be sweet to die and that it would be well to lift my foot and let the reptile that occasionally squirmed finish me.

"At last I heard your voices. Welcome! Indeed, more welcome music never greeted me than Bob's halloo! I remember saying something to you, then felt Bob's arm around me as he bent over with his knife. From that time I knew nothing till I woke up in the hotel."

Almost Buried Alive.

A Paris correspondent relates a remarkable story from Saint Crepin, near Rodez. At the funeral of a man of 70, the four men who carried the coffin became conscious of what they believed to be movements inside. Nothing was said at the time, but when the ceremony in church was over they compared notes, and each was astonished to learn that his companions felt similar sensations. They communicated their fears to the clergyman, who immediately had the coffin broken open. They were greatly taken aback when they saw the hands of the supposed corpse, which had been crossed on the chest, raised towards the eyes. They spoke to it, but it did not reply, though it swallowed some cordial. The body was then taken back to the house, and it is said that the measures adopted to restore life were successful, for the next day the man spoke, and drank fluid nourishment, and is now said, although extremely feeble, to be slowly recovering.

TWO KILLED ON MONT BLANC

A Tourist and His Guide Hit by an Avalanche.

Knocked into a Crevasse Which Their Comrades Narrowly Escaped—Their Bodies Recovered 150 Feet Below.

Disasters on Mont Blanc are not frequent, but this year it has shared in the tragedies which have been, unfortunately, rather numerous in the Alps within the past two or three years. On Aug. 21 last an accident occurred not a great way from the summit of the mountain which cost two men their lives and involved a large party in imminent peril. Two parties, each consisting of one traveller and two guides, and one of them having a porter also, were attempting to make the summit from the Grands-Mulets by the Grand Plateau, a route which is free from danger in good weather, but is not the way most frequently taken. Both parties slept at the Grands-Mulets on Wednesday night, Aug. 19, during which it blew so hard that it was doubtful if the expedition could go on. The gale moderated toward morning, and they advanced independently, but both reached the hut erected last year by Mr. Ballot, on the rocks of the Bosses du Dromadaire, which is about an hour and a half below the top of Mont Blanc.

The weather became worse again, and on Thursday the travellers waited all day in the hope that it would improve sufficiently to permit an attack on the final peak. On Friday morning, however, it was decided that the ascent must be abandoned, and the tourists made up their minds to descend without further delay. Four workmen, engaged in the task of discovering a suitable place on which to erect the proposed observatory which Mr. Jansen desires to establish on the summit also occupied the hut, and as the weather prevented them from working they desired to go down to Chamounix, and obtained leave to join the party. The eleven persons were roped together for greater security in the high wind and got down nearly to the Petit Plateau, which is about an hour from the Grands-Mulets.

Here they were struck by an avalanche from the Dome du Gouter. The last two members of the party were Mr. Hermann Rothe, a German, and Michel Simond, his guide. They received the full force of the avalanche and were knocked into a crevasse and killed. The others of the party were knocked down and overwhelmed, and one of them, Armand Comte, was badly injured. Those who were least hurt extricated their comrades. They carried Comte to the hut on the Grands-Mulets, and then made a wonderfully quick descent to Chamounix, and men went up and rescued the injured guide.

As soon as the storm had subsided sufficiently to permit guides to reascend the mountain a party of them went up for the purpose of recovering the bodies of the lost men. The Chamounix guides always feel it their duty if possible, to recover the remains of comrades who lose their lives on the mountains. It was four days before they found the exact spot where the accident occured, for there were other crevasses in the neighborhood, and drifting snow had partly filled many of them. Seventeen mountain guides engaged in this work, at considerable pecuniary loss, for in the tourist season every day is precious to them. Finally they came upon nine feet of rope, attached to something heavy, and also found portions of an ice axe known to have belonged to Mr. Rothe. About noon three men who had been lowered to a depth of 150 feet into the fatal crevasse, succeeded in disengaging the body of Mr. Rothe from a wall of ice and frozen snow. The body, which was frozen hard, was found to be but little disfigured, a wound over the right temple and a deep cut over the right knee being the only traces of a violent death. Having secured the remainder of the rope to mark the spot the party drew the body slowly along the snow slopes to the hut on the Grands-Mulets, where they rested for the night.

Next day the party discovered the body of Michel Simond, the guide, several feet lower down in the crevasse. His hands still grasped the fatal rope, whose loose coils were wound around his wrist exactly as they had been at the moment of the catastrophe, showing that death must have been instantaneous. Both bodies were borne to the house of Simond's young widow at Chamounix.

The persons engaged in this unfortunate expedition did not commit any imprudence, except perhaps in roping so large a party as eleven together. Two parties, one of five and the other of six, would probably have been a better arrangement. The past season has been more or less unfavorable for climbers in the Alps. There has been a good deal of bad weather, and the penalty of going on in the teeth of really bad weather is always severe, and may take the form of a terrible disaster. It is on such an occasion that the difference between good and bad guides is conspicuous. A good guide will pay no attention to the eagerness of his employer to go beyond the point where a retreat is still possible. Inferior guides and guides who are able, but rash, may know that there is danger, but sometimes disregard it. It was thus that the terrible accident occurred on Mont Blanc at the beginning of September 1870, when eleven persons lost their lives. The party ought not to have been on the mountain at all in the weather then prevailing, particularly as the three tourists in the company were inexperienced. They were caught on the summit by a gale and a snow-storm which lasted several days, and perished from cold and hunger. Good guides would not have taken such a party up except in in settled weather, and the weather had been bad for some weeks.

LYING ABOUT AFRICA.

Geographer Wauters Calls Attention to the Practice in a Forcible Manner.

A few weeks ago the *Mouvement Geographique* published a supplement to its regular edition containing two remarkable stories from Africa. The stories were printed in big type, double leaded, and with startling head lines. One of them was that Emin Pasha had returned to his old province and utterly routed the Mahdists, had captured an enormous amount of ivory, had reestablished his government, and was again in high feather in the equatorial province. The story was told with much circumstantiality. The other report was equally sensational, and the scene of it was located near the head waters of the Congo.

The story about Emin fell at once into the hands of news agents, and it was cabled all over the world. The New York *Sun* printed it with an expression that it was spurious, giving some reasons why the story was evidently a hoax. If the news agents had taken the trouble to look in the main sheet of *Mouvement Geographique* they would have seen hidden away in a corner a brief announcement that the two stories in the supplement were made out of whole cloth Mr. Wauters, the editor, said he wished to show the persons who habitually concoct lies about African matters that he could put lies in circulation as easily as themselves. He was tired of devoting so much space to the contradiction of ridiculous falsehoods, and thought he would take a hand in the main game.

He said that yarns about Africa get currency because no contradiction from Africa can be obtained for several months. If plausible stories are invented it is easy to deceive the public for many weeks. A story he felt called upon to contradict in the same issue of his newspaper was a yarn of Portuguese origin to the effect that the natives had captured Stanley falls, a story which proved to be a canard.

There are a few people and newspapers who for one reason or another are hostile to various enterprises in Africa and who seldom let a week pass without putting some lie on the news market. We have caught a good many of these falsehoods on the wing and has given them their quietus as far as this country is concerned. Often the originators of these fables are very poorly posted in African affairs, and their ridiculous statements show at once that the alleged news is a falsehood concocted by some one who is not skilled in the art of lying about Africa.

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Now is the time to order

Storm Windows & Doors.

WE GREET YOU AGAIN !

Our Christmas trade was slightly interrupted last week, but we are on deck again in the

ANNABLE BLOCK, MAIN ST.

DAMAGED - GOODS - WILL - BE - SOLD - AT - A - DISCOUNT !

Plush Goods, Oxydized Silverware, Toys, Xmas Cards, !

W. W. BOLE.

The Moose Jaw Times.

FRIDAY DEC. 25 1891.

TOWN and COUNTRY.

Miss Ida McMillian left on Sunday evening's express for a visit to Ontario.

A carnival will be held in the rink on New Years night.

Mrs. Jonn A. Hill is spending the winter with friends in Bracebridge, Ont.

Last Tuesday was the shortest day of the year. From now onward the days will gradually lengthen out.

Mr. Fowler, late C. P. R. agent at Regina, has been appointed travelling auditor for the company.

Santa Claus would never make a schoolmaster. Whatever is good he puts at the foot of the stocking.

Remember the entertainment in Campbell's Hall to-night (Friday), in connection with the Methodist Sunday School.

The Skating rink is the centre of attraction in the evening. The ice is in good condition.

Farmers! Insure your grain and granaries against fire. Very low rates, short terms. The strongest companies doing business in Canada, as per government report. Seymour Green agent.

Mr. S. McMicken, one of the injured in the recent fire is, we are pleased to see, able to be out again.

Messrs. Cavan & McAbee have refused an offer of $4000 for their race-horses, Grey Eagle and Melina.

Don't buy your best girl a present on the installment plan, as she might quit you before you had made all the payments.

An exchange says ; the best moral support, a man can give a newspaper is to subscribe for it and keep his subscription paid up.

The Congregation of the Church of St. John the Baptist have leased Russell hall for their services during the winter,until the church is repaired.

The scholars of the Methodist Sunday School have a parody on Mrs Jarley's wax work which will cause roars of laughter. Don't fail to see it, in Campbell's hall, Christmas night.

Mr W. B. Crosbie, manager of Lafferty & Moore's Bank here left on Saturday morning for Calgary, where he will have the management of the head office of the firm for a month. Mr. G. W. Lafferty, general manager, will spend a month in Moose Jaw.

New officers arrived last week, for the Salvation Army and they opened fire again on the town on Saturday night. The three young lady officers are good singers and speakers and will, no doubt, meet with more success than their predecessors.

Tax Collector J. E, Annable, has started on the war path, prepare for him. The rate this year is 17 mills in the dollar for school purposes. The council have decided to use up the money now in the treasury for municipal expenses and have levied no rate for municipal purposes.

The town council will before they retire from office, pass a by-law establishing a fire limit of blocks 110, ,111 123, 124, in which no buildings other than brick, stone or concrete may be erected. This act will commend itself to the approval of all having the interest of the town at heart.

Some forty-five representatives men of the Macleod district, sat down to a banquet in the town hall, Macleod, on Tuesday evening given in honor of Mr. A. R. Springett, who has resigned his position as Indian agent at the Pegan reserve, and is about to leave Southern Alberta. Col. Macleod presided, Messrs. Pocklington and Browning occupying vice-chairs.

The Ladies Aid Society of the Presbyterian Church held a very successful bazaar and supper in Russell Hall on Tuesday evening last. An excellent supper was provided by the ladies from 6 to 8 o'clock, after which the sale of the season's work took place. The articles were more numerous and of more excellent quality than in previous years, and found ready sale. A good sum of money was netted.

The Board of Works of the town council should at once take steps to have the burned sidewalk on the west side of Main street repaired, Mr. Chalmers complains to us that if not done soon it will have a tendency to injure his business, and considering the part that his stone store played in the late fire, he should not be made suffer in this way. This sidewalk must be repaired sometime and it might as well be done now as at any future time, and in justice it should not be delayed.

L. O. L. meets Tuesday 29th for election of officers.

The Moose Jaw school closed for Christmas holidays last night.

Mr. J. H. Ross, M. L. A., spent last Sunday with friends in town.

Mr. Al. Gurney left on Monday evening to take charge of the C. P. R. pump at McLean station.

Mr. H. W. Carter has opened out his barber shop in Field's building on Main street.

Ex-Speaker Wilson of Edmonton and family will spend the winter in the South of France.

Next Monday is nomination day for Mayor and Councillors in Moose Jaw. It is time prospective candidates were getting a move on.

The Presbyterian Sunday School are holding their annual Christmas tree entertainment in Campbell's Hall, to-night. The Methodists hold their's tomorrow evening, Christmas. Good programmes have been prepared by the pupils of both schools.

There are now four candidate in the field for the Toronto mayoralty, viz, E. B. Osler, James Beatty, R. J. Fleming and John MacMillan. The Empire supports Osler, the Globe, Fleming, and the Mail, MacMillian. Beatty is running on his own hook and will poll a large vote. He was Mayor of Toronto ten years ago.

Mr. C. A. Gass, has made a very handsome Christmas present to the new Presteryterian Church Manse, in the shape of one of Burrow, Stewart & Milne's improved furnace worth $100. The furnace was purchased from Mr Jno. Brass, and is a handsome and complete heating appliance.

Writing or printing is like shooting at a mark with a rifle, you may raach the reader's mind or miss it ; but talking is like playing at a mark with the pipe and fire engine—you can't help hitting it." Therefore write your advertisements as you might talk. Talk to please customers, anticipate their objections and speak of your wares as though face to face instead of through printers' ink.—Inland Printer.

Rev. Dr. Stafford a well known and popular divine of the Methodist Church, died on Monday last at Hamilton, Ontario. Dr. Stafford was one of the ablest preachers in the Church and filled some of the best pulpits in the country. He lectured in Moose Jaw about five years ago on "The Universal Boy" His death is a great loss to the Methodist Church.

In connection with the protest lodged against the return of Mr. Nolin, of Batoche, it is claimed by Boucher, his opponent, that various irregularities were practised by a deputy returning-officer. It is said the poll was opened much earlier than the stipulated hour ; also that the poll book was carried to a man in bed unable to appear at poll, and his vote recorded. This is said to have occured at the polling division of Grandin.

There are just as many millions of wealth lying buried under the green grasses of the Northwest as there was ten years ago. Millions of acres still awaiting to be titillated by the plow that it may cachinate with bounty. Whether it be to raise wheat on the level plains of the Red River valley or grow sheep, cattle and horses on the western ranches, there is still room for and wealth awaiting the men and women who prefer labor and honest independence to idleness and pauperism The hour is auspicious. The hand on the clock of fate points to the hour of prosperity high 12. Come to the bounteous repast at the call of the Northwest's dinner horn. — Western World.

At a meeting of Pasqua, L. O. L. No. 1595 held on Monday evening the 14th inst. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year;— Bro. T. E. McWilliams, W. M, re elected; Geo Gray, W M.; Robt. Wilson, Chaplan; C. W. Ashwin, Rec. Secretary; W. Allison, Fin. Secretary, J. Hughes, Treasurer; W. D. Palmer, D. of C. Robert Alliston, 1st, C M; J. Case. Wm. White. John Buchanan and J. Coventry committeemen. By special dispensation from Grand Lodge a scarlet chapter was organized the same evening in connection with the above lodge. The officers of chapter are;—Sir K. Comps. T. E. Williams W. C.; H Hutchinson, Ex Comp.; J. Chaplan; R. Wilson, Scribe; C. w. Ashwin, Treasurer; w D. Palmer, Sir H. K. at arms; Geo. Gray, J. H. w. white, O. H.

Mr James Lytle left on Saturday evening for Listowel, Ontario.

Rev. Mr. Sweet, Baptist Missionary, occupied the pulpit of the Methodist Church last Sunday evening.

The Fort William board of trade is considering the advisability of asking the council to offer inducements for the establishment of a flour mill at that place.

Glencorse Council No. 9 R. T. of T., Moose Jaw has adopted the following resolution :—

Resolved that this Council of Royal Templars of Temperance recognizing that the liquor traffic is fraught with serious peril to the moral and material welfare of the community; that the permit system now in operation has been productive of incalculable evil and that license laws wherever in force have utterly failed to metigite this terrible curse, and that prohibition is universally recognized as the only system sound in principle and likely to result in real benefit, having been declared so by votes of different Provincial Legislatures by an overwhelming majority of the Dominion House of Commons and by the representative bodies of nearly every church organization that has considered the question, and that therefore in the interest of all that is good and right and true we earnestly appeal to the North West Legislative Assembly to immediately abolish the present system of permitting or encouraging the sale of liquor, also to steadfastly reject any proposal to license the liquor traffic in the North West Territories, but instead to enact such legislation as will secure the thorough enforcement of total prohibition, and that a copy of this resolution be placed in the hands of the local member for this district to place before the North West Legislature.

Card of Thanks.

To the Editor of the TIMES.

Please allow me through the columns of your paper to express my appreciations of, and thankfulness for the kind assistance given me by the people of Moose Jaw, who subscribed so liberally, to again establish me in business after the late fire. I lost all I had in the world, myself and family barely escaping from the burning building with our lives, and the assistance given by kind friends is doubly appreciated. May the blessing of Providence follow those who have been friends to us in our need.

J. HOOD.

School Board.

A meeting of the Moose Jaw, School Board was held in the Secretary's office on wednesday evening the 23rd inst. Present, all the members of the board. The minutes of previous meetings were read and adopted.

Accounts were presented from Paul Ostrander, 75c for draying; Russell Wilson 12 50 for water; Dr. Turnbull 11.75; C. P. R. account for wood; wm. Grayson, $10.

Hannah—Baker—That the above accounts be paid, except Russel Wilson's which was passed at $11.75.—Carried.

The reappointment of janitor for the year 1892 was laid over for future consideration. The treasurer's report was submitted to the meeting and on motion was received.

A petitiun signed by 15 ratepayers asking for Mr. Hamilton Lang's retention as teacher, was presented to the board, received and ordered to be filed. The applications for the position of teacher of the intermediate department in answer to advertisement were then taken up.

Moved by A. Sharpe, seconded by w. Hannah that the application of Mr. M. R. Laycock, as teacher for the intermediate department be accepted at a salary of $550 per annum.

Moved in amendment by T. B. Baker, seconded by ———— that in view of the petition presented to this board, signed by a large number of bonafide ratepayers, that the board consider the prayer of their petition and re-engage Mr. Lang until the mid midsummer vacation, at a salary of $600 per annum. Motion carried.

The secretary was instructed to to telegraph Mr. Laycock that his application was accepted.

MONTREAL, Dec. 19.—Father Dowd, one of the best known Irish priests of Canada, and pastor of St. Patrick's church, died this morning.

The following is the record of the Mayoralty contest up to tonight.

R. Bogue	13
W. Hannah	12
T. B. Baker	11
J. Rutherford	11
O. B. Fysh	9
T. E. Birbeck	8
C. A. Gass	6
W. Neeland	5
H. McDougall	3

REGINA.

A grand banquet was given by the members of the Legislative Assembly on Friday night to the Hon. E. Dewdney, Minister of Interior In addition to the members of the Assembly there were present Senators Perley and Longheed, His Hon. Lieut.-Gov. Royal, Dr. Wilson of Edmonton, T. M. Daly, M. P. of Brandon, and others. Mr. J. R. Neff, M. L. A., of Moosomin, filled the chair, and the band of the North West Mounted Police discoursed music for the banqueters.

The speeches of the evening contained warm expressions of confidence in Mr. Dewdney and his management. Mr. Dewdney made an excellent speech in reply, dealing with North West questions.

SYDNEY, N. S. W., Dec 19.—The Colonial parliament, after a disorderly sitting of 36 hours, passed the government tariff bill fifty to three. The Opposition left the chamber before the vote.

MOOSE JAW MARKETS.

Wheat, No. 1 Hard, Car lots	3 6[illegible]
Wheat, No. 1 Hard, Farmers' wagons	58
Wheat, No. 2 Hard, Car lots	5[illegible]
Wheat, No. 2 Hard, Farmers' wagons	55
Wheat, No. 3 Hard, Car lots	54
Wheat, No. 3 Hard Farmers' wagons	46
Oats	25
Barley	35
Flour, Strong Bakers'	2 75
Flour, Patent Process	3.00
Butter per lb.	25
Eggs per dozen	30
Beef	07 to 12½
Pork	12½ to 15
Beef Cattle, live weight	.02 to 03½

NOTICE.

All parties indebted to the undersigned are requested to kindly settle their accounts before January 1st 1892, otherwise the accounts will be placed in the hands of a Solicitor for collection.

THOS. FRANKS.

NOTICE.

Parties in search of firewood, game, etc, had better make sure where they ramble, as the undersigned gives it as imperative that he will prosecute all trespassers. Game, wood, pasture and all other privileges being reserved on his ranche comprising the following properties Sec. 30 and 31 R. 24 and Sec. 25 and 35 R. 25 Township 18 W. of 2nd M.

CHAS. NICOLLE,
Mapleford Ranche,
Qu'Appelle valley.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made at the ensuing session of the legislature of the North West Territories for an Act to confirm the powers conferred on the Bell Telephone Company of Canada by the Act of the Parliament of Canada passed in the Forty second and Forty-fifth years of Her Majesty's reign and Chaptered respectively 67 and 95, in regard to those portions of the Company's work and undertaking which are local and to make the said Company a Corporation under the laws of the North West Territories, and to authorize it to carry on its business in the North West Territories, and to construct, erect, acquire, lease, maintain and operate local lines of telephone for the transmission of messages between any cities, towns, villages or other places in the said Territories and for other purposes.

Dated this Fourteenth day of October, A. D., 1891.

MCDONALD, TUPPER, PHIPPEN & TUPPER,
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Working or Brood Mares !

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Apply to

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LADIES !

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HEINTZMAN PIANOS,

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Karn Pianos and Organs,

Warranted for Seven Years.

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SEWING MACHINES.

Payment on the Installment Plan.

For the Celebrated

BELL PIANO AND ORGAN,

The Best in the Market,

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Prices and Terms to Suit Purchasers.

Stock taken from farmers in exchange for Organs and Sewing Machines.

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And see the Large Assortment of

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Estimates, Plans and Specifications Furnished on Application.

First-class workmanship Guaranteed

NOTICE.

MUNICIPALITY OF THE TOWN OF MOOSE JAW.

Public notice is hereby given, that a meeting of the Electors of the municipality aforesaid will be held at McDougall's Hall in the Town of Moose Jaw on Monday the Twenty-Eighth day of December 1891, from ten until noon of the clock of the said day, for the purpose of nominating a Mayor and six persons to act as Councillors for the said municipality, for the next ensuing year.

Dated under my hand at Moose Jaw this tenth day of December 1891.

T. E. BIRBECK
Returning Officer.

R. BOGUE,

— DEALER IN —

HARDWARE,

TINWARE,

CROCKERY, GROCERIES

DRY-GOODS,

BOOTS & SHOES

Flour and Feed !

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CELEBRATED SOURIS FLOUR,

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R. BOGUE.

FURNITURE !

SPLENDID PLUSH PARLOR SUITE FOR $30.00.

The Best Value Ever Offered in Moose Jaw.

— All kinds of —

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In Fact Everything to Suit the Trade.

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